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AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

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Editorial.

MARCH ON THE FARM.

The spring has at last arrived, but only in name. The spring does not begin in reality till the 21st of March, but we divide the seasons for convenience into four, of three months each, and to save fractions, include the whole of this month in spring, and the whole of June in summer. This is often a stormy, blustering, changeable, and, of course, disagreeable month, with its snows and its rains, alternating with warm days when winter clothing is a burden and east winds which seem to pierce and chill us to the heart. If there is any time when we envy Florida or California its climate, it is the month of March.

The most sensible thing for a farmer to do, after the chores, and seeing to the cattle, is to be looking about for a liberal supply of fire wood for summer use. There need be no fear of providing too much, for we have great faith in the economy of having plenty of fuel on hand well dried and seasoned for future use. But some fall to lay in a supply even for the coming summer, and when it gives out are compelled to stop other work to *get up wood*. It is a shiftless way and a *practice* that had better be avoided, and now is the time to put a resolution in practice and get up a large quantity of wood. Small *stuff* will often do for a quick fire in summer time, and so it is a good plan to chop up the trimmings of the apple trees.

Have you finished pruning, by the way? It is time the orchard were trimmed, though if you have been putting it off, it may be done now, the sooner the better. It is not best to remove large limbs, and if the trees have been taken care of and kept in shape, it will not be necessary. If large limbs require to be taken off it is rather better, we think, to do it in the growing season, as the wound heals over much more rapidly and *injures* the tree less. Many a tree is permanently crippled by too severe pruning late in the fall or early in the spring, and if large limbs must be taken off now, do not fail to cover the wound with shellac or some wax preparation to keep out the water and the air.

Most farmers want to be hauling out the manure now so as to have it ready for use, and those who have had the cattle disease in their barns find it a great hardship to be denied the privilege of driving their oxen upon the highways, as many farmers have to do to get to their fields. We see no other way than for every one to suffer some inconveniences for the good of the community.

It is not positively known whether the severe frosts we have had will destroy the virus or poison, or not, but if it does ordinarily, the manure under the barns where the disease has existed, has not, in all cases, been frozen, and it is very probable that moving it with oxen on the road would be the means of conveying the disease to sound cattle which should travel there. It is, therefore, best to be on the safe side and to avoid infecting the roads, and unless those who have had the disease in the barns will be cautious and avoid driving on the road for the present, the chances are that we shall have the disease perpetuated. If it is not stopped entirely before May, when the cattle go out to pasture, we shall find it extremely difficult and perhaps impossible to stop it at all. Better cut across lots where it is possible, in teaming the manure out, for if you do not, the neighbors will have a right to "make a row" about it.

It is a good plan to start a few early potatoes under glass this month. It is an easy matter to raise enough for the family in this way, getting a good start and then transplanting as soon as the land and weather are suitable. There is nothing very formidable about this, and no expense for hot beds is required, though they may be convenient to start the sprouts in. See how simple a plan may be made to do. Select a dry, warm and sheltered place and put in a bed of horse manure a foot and a half deep in the form of a bed of any size you please. Beat this manure down well with the fork and the spade, and over it lay two inches of loam on which lay your seed. If this consists of small potatoes let them be whole, if large, it is as well to cut them. Then cover them with two inches of loam.

It is best to set up boards around the edges of the bed just as is common in making hot beds, and bank up the outsides with manure and leaves to serve as some additional protection. The potatoes should be put into this bed about the tenth or fifteenth of the month. They will sprout and begin to grow by the time the land is ready to receive them in April. When the time comes to set them out, put them in ridges raised a little, say six inches, by manure or litter, and in a warm, sunny place. They may need a little extra care, but you will find that it will pay. If the sprouts are above ground before the frosts are gone, throw some old hay over them, or straw or seaweed, at night, to be removed in the morning. Now in this way you can have ripe potatoes on your table by the last of June, and it will be a great luxury for the family. It is worth while to try it and you will find it a very easy matter.

Many little jobs can be attended to now as well as to wait until April or May, and much time will be saved. Put the tools in order. Paint the carts and the ploughs. The walls can be put up and the fences mended. It is just as well to have these little odds and ends finished up as to leave them till the spring work presses.

The cattle need extra care, too, as the spring approaches. A daily carding is especially grateful to them, and they relish a few roots as a change from hay. Ploughing will come in order towards the end of the month on dry lands. Thus March, however, rough and stormy it may be, can be filled up with something useful and made to tell on the prosperity of the season.

Questions & Answers.

SEEDING DOWN LAND.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have about four acres of land in very fair condition, having been planted and heavily manured for two years. I intended to have sown it to grass last fall, but the dry weather prevented. From this land I want a hay crop the coming season. How shall I manage? Will clover and herdsgrass give me a hay crop if sown this spring, or had I better sow Hungarian grass and oats to cut green for fodder and sow herds grass in the fall?

Is there much difficulty in making and keeping Hungarian grass? Yours,

R. T. L.

Clover sown very early in spring will make a small crop fit to cut late in the season and if you were to take this course we should sow the orchard grass with it. Such seeding will do well in an average of seasons, but with so dry a summer as the last it would be a failure from the drought.

You could accomplish your object by seeding down with barley and oats or spring rye and cutting the grain while quite green to cure for hay. If the land is in fine condition, you could perhaps get a late cutting of clover and whatever grasses you sow with it late in the season. We dislike to sow down with oats, because they tiller and stool so as to crowd out the grass roots, but a few oats largely mixed with barley, which is the best grain to seed down with, would increase the weight and bulk of the hay crop considerably, and if not sown too thick, would afford protection to the tender grass roots against the hot sun.

If you adopt this course we would mix alsike clover, at least half and half with the red clover seed, and instead of all timothy, would mix in orchard grass freely, and a little red top and Kentucky blue-grass. Orchard grass is about equal in value to timothy, for hay, and has the advantage of blossoming earlier, and being fit to cut as soon as the clover is ready. The alsike clover is a perennial and will last several years in suitable soil, while common red clover will mostly disappear after the second year. The seed of alsike clover is now down to a price at which it will pay to buy and sow it, and though it will not amount to much the first year, it will afterwards make a splendid crop. If you keep bees there is nothing more desirable.

The other course you suggest would do very well, that is, to sow millet or Hungarian grass, and then cut early enough to seed down with grass early in September. That would probably succeed. There is little difficulty in making and curing Hungarian grass, but it has to be sown late, and is very slow in starting, and then, if the land is very weedy, it makes but indifferent fodder. Of the two we should rather incline to the first course.—[*Ed.*

A VALUABLE TABLE.

The following table will be found very useful to farmers, and to many others who are not farmers. We have been frequently asked for such a table, and now we advise our readers to preserve it for reference. It may be proper to add that many farmers advocate a much heavier seeding of grass than is indicated in the table, and the *Journal of Agriculture* thinks an increase of from 25 to 50 per cent., would be advisable in most cases.

Kind of Seed.	Seed per acre.	Pounds per bushel.
Clover (Red)	6 to 10 lbs.	60
Clover (White)	4 to 6 lbs.	60
Timothy	8 to 10 lbs.	45
Redtop	6 to 15 lbs.	14
Lawn Grass	1½ to 2 bush.	14
Kentucky Blue Grass	8 to 15 lbs.	14
Millet	1 to 1 bush.	50
Hungarian Grass	½ to 1 bush.	48
Flax Seed	1 bush.	56
Buckwheat	½ to ¾ bush.	52
Turnip Seed	1 lb.	
Turnips		57
Wheat	¾ to 1¼ bush.	60
Oats	2 to 3 bush.	32
Rye	¾ to 1¼ bush.	56
Barley	¾ to 2 bush.	50
Corn in ear		70
Corn Meal		50
Irish Potatoes	12 to 15 bush.	60
Sweet Potatoes		60
Corn (large yellow)	6 to 8 quarts	56
Corn (small)	4½ to 6 quarts	56
Peas (field)	2 to 2½ bush.	60
Split Peas		60
Beets (field)	4 lbs.	
Beans (white)	10 lbs	60
Castor Beans	3 quarts	46
Carrots	3 to 4 lbs.	
Onions	4 to 5 lbs.	57
Top Onion Setts	30 to 60 lbs.	57
Hemp	44 to 100 lbs.	44
Upland Cotton Seed	10 to 12 lbs.	33½
Rape Seed	10 to 12 lbs.	50
Kale Seed	10 to 20 lbs.	50
Osage Orange Seed		33
Sorghum Seed		42
Bran		20
Dried Peaches		33
Dried Apples		24
Malt Barley		34
Salt		50
Coal		80
Lime		30
Cement		80
Plaster Paris		80
Hair		83

COLONIES.

The Lawrence (Kan.) *Journal* has been doing a little figuring on the National Land Company's business, and states that during the last two years the Kansas Pacific Railway has sold about 700,000 acres, through this company, for $2,000,000, or at a little less than an average of $3 per acre. The Union colony at Greeley, Col, secured 15,000 acres of land through this company; the Swedish colony in Salina county, 22,000 acres; the Scotch colony in Dickenson county, 47,000 acres; the English colony in Clay county, 32,000 acres; the Welch colony in Riley county, 19,000 acres. Other colonies have also purchased choice lands, in large quantities, at low figures.

A NURSERY REGION.

It is claimed by the Geneva, (N. Y.) people that over *three thousand* acres are at this moment covered with nursery stock, and we have no doubt from the miles and miles of it in sight in every direction, that the estimate is below rather than above the truth. What seemed to surprise the visitors from abroad was, the great extent of pear trees under cultivation, a large number of the nursery firms having from fifteen to fifty acres of pear trees ready to dig.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THOROUGH-BRED.

BY SANFORD HOWARD,

Secretary of Michigan State Board of Agriculture.

The word *thorough-bred* has come into rather common use within a few years. It seems to have been first used in reference to the English race-horse, which is a mixed breed, formed by a union of Arabian, Barb, Turkish, Persian, and Spanish horses with the original English stock. The well-known author, Lawrence (1792,) speaking of this says: "From such a medley of races has our English *thorough-bred* sprung." It would be nonsense to contend that the term signified *pure blood* when applied to stock derived from "a medley of races." But in process of time it seemed to be necessary to define, if practicable, what a thorough-bred horse was. "Stonehenge," (Mr. Walsh) author of *British Rural Sports*, tells us that such a definition "is not so simple as is generally supposed, because the animal in question is not of pure origin," and that hence "the only criterion which will hold good as a definition, is the appearance in the *Stud-Book*, where every horse and mare, *considered* thorough-bred is registered, and by *common consent* this is accepted," etc.

It is clear enough from this that the definition was based on the mere fact of registry in the Stud-Book. It could not have rested on purity of blood, because the author states that the stock is found not to be pure, "when traced back to the earliest times."

But it is only the race-horse, as before intimated, to which the term thorough-bred is applied. Others may be even more pure in blood, but they are not registered in the Stud-Book, which registry, by "common consent," constitutes a *thorough-bred* horse! It may be asked why the breeding of horses for a certain number of generations for any other purpose than racing, does not entitle them to be considered thorough-bred? No reason is apparent why the term might not be applied with just as much propriety in such a case as to the race-horse. But the term has been for a considerable length of time confined in its use to that breed, and it would probably be difficult to obtain a general recognition of its application to any other.

Within a few years the term thorough-bred has been applied in this country to cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry. What does it mean when so used? The idea has been [illegible] that it means [illegible] blood than the term *full-blood* does! Column after column has been given in agricultural papers to prove this. It has been contended that a certain number of crosses makes an animal full-blood, but that an additional number are required to make it thorough-bred. It is scarcely worth while to take up time in controverting such an unreasonable position. An animal having any mixture of blood certainly cannot be full-blood, or pure-bred, which is the same thing, if words are allowed their obvious sense. And if thorough-bred is intended to denote purity of blood it cannot mean more or less than full-blood.

But we find the term thorough-bred applied to other animals, besides horses, which are known to be of mixed blood. It is often so used in reference to sheep; and in a lately published book on swine it is applied to varieties which are known to have originated in various crosses within a comparatively few years—as the so-called improved Essex and the improved Berkshire. The late Wm. Fisher Hobbs, for some years the leading breeder of the Essex breed, stated at a meeting of the Central Farmers' Club, March 6, 1865, that his first stock was selected from Lord Western's, which was a cross of the Neapolitan with the old Essex, a black-and-white pig; that he added another cross—the Berkshire—and that from these three families he bred his famous stock. Youatt informs us that the modern Berkshire is the result of crosses of the old Berkshire with the Siamese, Chinese, and Neapolitan. The same author states that the "improved" Suffolk originated in a cross of the old Suffolk with the Berkshire and Chinese.

But let it be asked, When do these cross-bred animals become thorough-bred? Perhaps some person will say, When they transmit their own characteristics with certainty. But there is no *absolute* certainty in any such case, and who is to judge as to the *degree* of certainty that shall be held to make a stock thorough-bred? One man asserts that his animals transmit properties with sufficient certainty to justify him in calling them thorough-bred; but what satisfies him does not satisfy others, who deny that his stock deserves to be so considered, and thus nothing is settled.

Webster's definition of thorough-bred is; "1. Bred from the best blood. 2. Hence completely bred or accomplished." The *indefiniteness* of this definition is apparent. But it has no necessary relation to purity of blood. As to the "best blood," there may be different opinions as to what it is, as there would also be respecting the degree of completeness accomplished in breeding any stock.

It will appear from what has been said, that different ideas are entertained as to what the term thorough-bred means, and that there is no generally acknowledged authority in the case. If Webster's definition is taken, it must be understood as relative, only. We speak of "thorough drainage," but we cannot specify exactly what it is, because all drainage is comparative. If it be said to apply to land which is drained enough, this question still presents itself, By what rule shall this be settled? What some consider dry enough others would not. If any one should say that a certain number of crosses or generations make a stock thorough-bred, we may inquire by what authority this is done, what obligations people are under to recognize it?

Would not some other word or term be preferable to this, except in cases where custom has fixed its meaning, as in reference to race-horses? If the word is intended to signify full-blood or pure-blood, why not use those terms, which everybody should be able to understand? It should certainly be the aim of all honest men to use language which expresses as clearly as possible the facts they wish to make known. Language not so used is mere clap-trap, and intended only for mercenary objects.

MARSHALL PINCKNEY WILDER.

There are few men in our community, whose lives afford a more striking example of what can be accomplished by the concentration of power and unconquerable perseverance, than that of MARSHALL P. WILDER. The bare enumeration of the important positions he has held and still holds, and the self-sacrificing labors he has performed, is sufficient evidence of extraordinary talent and ability, and of a magnetic personal power and influence, which alone could have enabled him to take the front rank as a benefactor of mankind.

Marshall Pinckney Wilder was born on the 22d of September, 1798, in the town of Rindge, N. H., a little village six miles south of the lofty Monadnock. His father had removed to that place from the town of Sterling, in Massachusetts, in 1794, and opened a store in company with a brother, and it was here, amid the charms of rural life, that the character of Col. Wilder was developed and the strength and vigor of his constitution was formed. His early education was obtained in the public schools, to which he was sent at the early age of four years, though he afterwards, at the age of [illegible] Ipswich one year, and then studied with the village pastor till the age of sixteen, when his father gave him the choice of going to college, becoming a merchant or working on the farm. He chose the latter, and followed it long enough to gain that firm health and constitution which is, no doubt, the secret of the mental and physical energy which has since characterized his long and useful life.

But the business of the store had increased to such an extent that his services were needed there, and he entered, like a sailor before the mast, earning promotion step by step, and acquiring habits of industry, method and punctuality so important to success in life, till he became a partner in the concern, and postmaster of the town.

Having a taste for military tactics, he joined the New Hampshire militia at sixteen, and rose rapidly in rank, being commissioned Adjutant at twenty-one, Lieut. Colonel at twenty-five, and Colonel of the Regiment at twenty-six. Subsequently, on his removal to Boston, he joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, with which he was many years connected, accepting the command which had been repeatedly offered to him and declined, in 1857.

In 1825, wishing a wider field of operations, he removed to Boston and established himself in the West India goods trade, doing an extensive wholesale business under the firm of Wilder & Payson, in Union Street, and subsequently Wilder & Smith in North Market Street, and in his own name at No. 3, Central Wharf, where he was engaged in the wholesale importing business till 1837, when he became partner in the Commission House of Parker, Blanchard & Wilder, in Water Street, afterwards, Parker, Wilder & Parker, in Pearl Street, and some years after, Parker, Wilder & Co., Winthrop Square, a house with which he is still connected. In all this business career, he has, like all other merchants, passed through many periods of commercial embarrassment, but such has been his indomitable energy and integrity of character, that he has never failed to meet his obligations and maintain a high and honorable reputation which secured success.

But Col. Wilder had higher aspirations than to accumulate wealth. To amass a fortune was not the all-absorbing ambition of his mind. A wider field of usefulness and philanthropy opened before him, and though devoting a reasonable time and attention to business, all his leisure was given to horticultural and agricultural pursuits, and, while cultivating his grounds, importing seeds, and trees and plants from distant countries, he was doing all he could to instil into the public mind a taste and love for rural labors and to elevate the rank and position of those engaged in the honorable employments of the farm and the garden. And it is by no means derogatory to the merits of others to say that the immense progress in rural ornamentation, the increase of beautiful rural homes and gardens filled with fruits and flowers, within a circle of twenty miles around Boston, the abundance of pears and peaches and apples and strawberries, which have filled the fruit stands, and often at so low a price as to be within reach of the humblest citizen, is due to him more than to any other one individual.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society was organized in 1829, and Col. Wilder, though not one of the original corporators, joined it one year after, and took hold earnestly with Gen. Dearborn, to make the Society a real and permanent blessing to the community.

The establishment of the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, was due to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and the arrangement by which, on the relinquishment of control over it, the Society should receive a fourth part of the net proceeds from the annual sale of lots, was chiefly owing to the indomitable perseverance of Col. Wilder, by whom a reconciliation of conflicting interests was effected, securing to the Society a large and permanent annual income, from which the Society has already received more than one hundred thousand dollars.

Col. Wilder was chosen the fourth President of the Society in 1840, and was re-elected to this honorable position for eight consecutive years. During this time, he was instrumental in securing the lot on School Street, and, as President, laid the corner stone of the old Horticultural Hall on the 14th of Sept. 1844, a building which served the purposes of the Society for fifteen years, when it was sold to H. D. Parker, in 1859, for the sum of $70,000, a sum about double the cost, and the Society removed to its more spacious and elegant new Hall in 1865. During his administration, the exhibitions were sometimes closed with a grand festival, and these resulted in the Triennial Celebrations, three of which took place during Col. Wilder's administration, those at Faneuil Hall, Sept. 19th, 1845, and Sept. 22, 1848, being especially remarkable for the magnificence with which they were gotten up, and the great number of distinguished guests who were present. [illegible] horticultural labors of Col. Wilder, may be mentioned his experiments in hybridization. These researches were not confined to fruits alone, in which he gained a high and deserved reputation, but extended to flowers, where he made the Camellia a specialty, having many hundred varieties of this elegant plant many of which he originated with great skill. These efforts and the results of hybridizing are set forth in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in a paper on "The Hybridization of the Camellia and its Varieties." He also contributed a paper entitled "Observations on the Camellia, with some account of its introduction into Great Britain and this Country," to *Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture, Vol. I, p. 13.*

He has been constantly importing many fruit trees from England, France, Belgium and Germany, sparing no labor or expense to get new varieties, and at the same time distributing with a liberal hand the best varieties by trees and grafts. Among the magnificent prizes which were the result of these untiring labors, is the Beurre d'Anjou pear, so widely renowned at the present time, imported and introduced by him. "In his orchards this pear," says Livingston, "occupies a place corresponding with that of the Camellia in his greenhouses."

It was natural, therefore, that on the establishment, in 1848, of the American Pomological Society, the fruit growers of the country should look to him as its first President, an office which he has held for twenty years. Space will not allow us to enumerate the labors, the addresses and the valuable papers which he has, from time to time, contributed to the world through the medium of this Society. He still holds the high position of President, and is expected to preside at the next session to be held in Richmond, Va., in September next.

But we are more directly interested in the more strictly agricultural portion of his labors. On his resignation of the position of President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, he went to work to organize an agricultural society in his own county of Norfolk. We were present at the first exhibition ever held by that Society, one of the most remarkable we ever attended. The banquet on that occasion, when Col. Wilder presided for the first time, was a rare intellectual feast, with Gov. Briggs, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, Ex-Governor Lincoln, Ex-Governor Hill, of New Hampshire, Charles Francis Adams, Josiah Quincy, senior and junior, General Dearborn, Horace Mann, and many other celebrities. Want of space alone forbids a more extended notice of this extraordinary entertainment.

The next of his remarkable public efforts was to initiate steps for the organization of the State Board of Agriculture as a Department of the State government, his labors in behalf of the establishment of an Agricultural College and of the United States Agricultural Society. He still holds the position of senior member of the State Board, and was President during the active life of the United States Agricultural Society, for six years, till the year 1858. His work for this Society was most wonderful. He was present at every meeting in Washington, where he delivered instructive, able, and eloquent addresses, and at the exhibitions which were held in many different States. At the close of his connection with the Society an elegant tea service was presented to him, and at the next annual meeting the "Large Gold Medal of Honor" was awarded to him bearing the inscription: "Awarded to Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Founder, First President and Constant Patron."

We should be glad to be able to allude to the various Festivals of the Sons of New Hampshire resident in Boston, the first of which occurred on the 7th of Nov. 1849, when Daniel Webster was President, and Col. Wilder, first Vice President; the second on Nov. 2d, 1853, when Col. Wilder presided, and delivered an address remarkable for its chaste eloquence and appropriateness. The Association again met on the 20th of June, 1861, to receive the Second Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers on their route to the army. The Boston Cadets escorted them on their march to the Music Hall, where sixteen hundred partook of a collation at which Col. Wilder also presided and addressed them in touching and encouraging words which called forth hearty cheers.

There have been many other public occasions in which he has taken a prominent and honorable part shrinking from no labor however arduous, sacrificing self and contributing often liberally in many ways to instruct, to entertain, to elevate the people. Among them was the celebration on the 4th of July, 1855, of the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Dorchester, with Hon. Edward Everett, the orator of the day, with Governor Gardner, Dr. Walker, President of Harvard University, Hon. Rufus Choate, and many other distinguished visitors. Two thousand ladies and gentlemen sat down to a rare banquet in a mammoth tent, where a graceful arch encircled the front of the platform, decked with evergreens and flowers, with the inscription

MARSHALL P. WILDER,

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

"Blessed is he that turneth the waste places into a garden, and maketh the wilderness to blossom as the rose."

His recent efforts in behalf of the New England Historic Genealogical Society are well known. The rooms of the Society in Bromfield Street were well known to be unsafe as a depository of the immensely valuable treasures stored there, and Colonel Wilder, as Chairman of a Committee, took hold with his usual untiring energy, and in a short space of time the requisite funds to purchase and furnish a new lot and building, were secured, raising for this purpose $40,000 in less than four months.

Though having little taste or inclination for political life, Col. Wilder was elected to the House of Representatives from Dorchester in 1839. The next year he was a member of Governor Briggs' council, and the year following a Senator, and in the organization of the legislature, he was chosen President of the Senate. The fact that he possesses great ability as a presiding officer is abundantly shown in the eminent success that has always attended his work in this direction, and the prosperity of the numerous [illegible] upon to preside. His personal influence had been sufficient to magnetize a half dying form into new and active life.

And this strong personal characteristic is especially remarked among his friends. No one can approach him in doubt, in despondency, or in embarrassment, and leave him without higher hope, a stronger courage and a manlier faith in himself. We owe him many a blessing for that.

He still lives, thank God, in the midst of a united family, and surrounded by all that can make the evening of his days serene and happy. The energy that has impelled him to labor for many years still exists, and few men accomplish more than he. As an evidence of this it is sufficient to say that he still holds the following responsible positions the duties of which he is always prompt to fulfill. He is President of the American Pomological Society, senior member of the State Board of Agriculture, a senior Trustee of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Honorary President of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, a member of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, President of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, a member of the Government of the Institute of Technology, a Director of the New England Life Insurance Company, and of the National Insurance, and of the Hamilton National Bank, positions which he has held for thirty-five years, and senior partner of the firm of Parker, Wilder & Co. He has recently made a trip of observation to Europe, as Commissioner to the World's Fair, also to the South and to California, and reported at considerable length upon each, and is we believe contemplating a still longer trip to the Eastern continent.

The results of his observations on California have been given in a public lecture before the Norfolk Agricultural Society and the State Board of Agriculture, and the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, and so great is the desire to hear it, that invitations have been received from Philadelphia, Portland, and other places.

We know of no man who can point to a prouder record of beneficent activity, to duties more faithfully performed, or to a life more completely filled up with labors more useful to his fellowmen. Long may he live to enjoy the grateful affection of his family and friends, and when the sunset comes to him as it must come to all, may it be peaceful and fragrant as the flowers he has loved so well.

The Sheepfold.

SHEEP RAISING IN NEVADA.

Sheep raising, says the *Reese River Reveille*, is becoming an important branch of the industry of Nevada, where grass covered mountains are so well adapted to this purpose. Heretofore wool has been a secondary matter in connection with the business, owing to the cost of transportation and the low price of the article in the San Francisco market, the only one accessible to Nevada. Heretofore the fact that this city was the only market open to Nevada wool-growers, has been rather a drawback to the business there; but the facilities now afforded by the railroad for a direct market at St. Louis, is having the effect to greatly stimulate and improve the business.

WOOL TRADE OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

The total quantity of wool exported from the principal British possessions in 1868 amounted to 242,756,711 pounds and 86,913 bales. A total of 186,678,993 pounds came from Australia—that is, 36,548,442 pounds from New South Wales; 68,010,591 pounds from Victoria; 29,269,225 pounds from South Australia; 6,136,426 pounds from Tasmania; 28,875,168 pounds from New Zealand, and 18,906,778 pounds from Queenland. India furnished 12,264,967 pounds; Natal, 2,717,384 pounds; the Cape of Good Hope, 36,486,766 pounds; and North America, 1,605,610 pounds.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

THEIR COMMON DISEASES.

NO. VI.

BY DR. D. D. SLADE.

As a general rule in feeding, the nitrogenous substances are undoubtedly of the first importance, as they enter so largely into the animal composition; next the non-nitrogenous, the saccharine and oily. The inorganic elements must also be supplied in sufficient quantity. In a word, that our animals may thrive well, there must be a variety in the food given. It is a well established fact that cooking, especially steaming, renders certain articles of food not only more nutritious, but also more palatable, and at the same time more easily digested and assimilated. This applies not only to the fattening of stock, but also to increase of the secretion of milk; for by the process, we restore to corn stalks, hay etc., the watery portions which they have lost in drying.

The steaming of roots is not advantageous, as shown by experiments in this country and in Scotland, as to the propriety or rather necessity of cutting up stacks, hay etc., unless some especial circumstances require it, as loss of teeth sickness etc. I should say that there was a great deal of time and labor lost by so doing.

I do not believe in the economy of giving to our animals, from whom we expect anything in return, poor hay or poor food of any description, food that we are obliged to disguise by the addition of something else, after having cut it up and converted it into a heterogeneous mass. Rather give them the best materials and let them do their own masticating. Exception may be made to this however in the use of grain for horses, corn and even oats being undoubtedly rendered more easily masticated and more thoroughly digested if given broken or bruised. There can be no objection to rendering these more moist or more palatable by the addition of other substances, but let them be good. As to the *amount* of food, so much depends upon the age, condition, object in view, amount of exercise etc., that no certain rules can be given; much is to be acquired in this matter by experience. It is better to feed often, than to give too much at one time, bearing in mind also the importance of variety, and that in the young animal both flesh, strength and fat are to be formed. Perfect regularity in the time of feeding is very essential. By the adoption of this plan the animals know when to expect their food, of quietude which best promotes their welfare.

In speaking of the amount of food to be given, there is one point which I cannot pass over, especially since the attention of farmers and the community generally, has been called to it by the passage of a law rendering it a penal offence. I mean the depriving of animals of *necessary sustenance*. This I think, is more frequently the result of ignorance or perhaps thoughtlessness, than of wilful cruelty. Instances have come to my knowledge where stock, and especially cows, not in milk at the time, have been kept during the winter months in a condition just bordering upon starvation, and that too by individuals not wanting in education and in the knowledge of right and wrong. If such persons would only for a moment reason, they would quickly see that such a policy was by no means for their *pecuniary* advantage, (even if they were actuated by no higher principle) on the contrary that such treatment of their animals entailes on their owner actual loss. It is a well ascertained fact that if young animals, especially young neat stock, are allowed to lose strength from want of proper nutrition at any time, and especially during our long winters, it requires so long a period for them to recover, and to regain the point from which they declined, that besides the permanent injury which may be inflicted upon the constitution of the animal, the loss by such treatment far outbalances any slight gain that might be got by the difference in the amount of food saved.

I cannot for a moment believe that any intelligent reader of the *Ploughman* can be guilty of the practice, or rather sin of semi-starvation of animals, but he may know some one who is, and to such a one let him communicate the voice of the law now happily established for such offenders. "Whoever shall deprive of necessary sustenance any horse, ox, or other animal, and whoever having the charge or custody of any such animal, either as owner or otherwise, shall unnecessarily fail to provide such animal with proper food, drink, and shelter or protection from the weather, shall for every such offence be punished by imprisonment in the jail, not exceeding one year or by fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

In the words of Blaine a distinguished veterinary author, "By following the dictates of nature as closely as circumstances will allow, we shall best fulfill her intentions in the preservation of the animals entrusted to our care; but it must not be overlooked that art must also be counteracted by art, and as luxury and commerce have introduced artificial habits and exactions, as well among our animals as ourselves, so these must be taken into the account. Commensurate with their exertion therefore, must be the food given them, both in quantity and quality."

By providing for the comfort of our domestic animals, by giving them proper food, proper shelter and protection, and means for the exercise of their bodies in the open air and sunshine, we best fortify them against the liability to disease, and render them more fitted to combat it upon its approach. The diseases to which these are liable are after all, comparatively few in number, and are chiefly due to the artificial life to which they as well as their civilized masters are condemned. Although a vast amount of ignorance and consequent barbarity exists still among our people as regards the nature and treatment of these diseases, great progress has been made within the last twenty years in the right direction, owing to the advances made in the knowledge of human medicine.

The laws which govern the animal economy are the same in all living beings; wherefore it naturally follows that if a better understanding of these laws enables man to cope with the diseases of his own race, he

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

NOTICE.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR FOR 1871.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the New England Agricultural Society, this day held, it was voted—That the Secretary give public notice to all parties desirous of making proposals for the New England Fair for 1871, to send them in to the Secretary on or before the seventh day of March next.

At the annual meeting previously held, the following vote was passed.

Voted—That the Exhibition of the New England Society be held in Lowell the present year, should satisfactory proposals be made for this purpose by the citizens of Lowell to the Executive Committee of the New England Society.

In accordance with the above votes, the Secretary hereby gives notice that he will receive proposals to be laid before the Executive Committee for the location of the next Fair of the New England Society until the seventh day of March next.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary*.

Boston, Feb. 7, 1871.

PEACE IN EUROPE.

The negotiations which were commenced between the French and Germans immediately upon the election and organization of the national assembly have proceeded expeditiously, under the pressure of the threatened renewal of hostilities, and this remarkable campaign is at length concluded. All last week the French negotiators Thiers and Favre were discussing the terms with Bismarck, and it is certain that at the end of the week the terms of peace were agreed upon and the treaty signed, but it remained to be approved of by the assembly. We have an official telegram from the Emperor Wilham to that effect. We are not yet favored with the precise terms of the settlement, but there is no doubt that the point of the surrender of a portion of French territory is conceded, and it is believed that the surrender covers the whole of that portion of France which embraces the old province of Alsace, and the strong fortess of Metz, which is in the department of Moselle. Alsace includes Strasbourg, and the territory ceded is a region which embraces nearly if not the whole of the present frontier of France and Germany, and contains a population of between two and three millions. Germany gains a very strong frontier and France is weakned in exactly the same proportion. The result leaves France with no territory on the Rhine, or at best a very small portion, and the old ambition of the rectification of the Rhine frontier so long entertained by enthusiastic Frenchmen, must be indefinitely postponed.

The cession of territory is the most important feature of the treaty, and one which weighs most heavily on the pride and sensitive honor of France. The money indemnity reported to be agreed upon is very heavy, amounting to in round numbers to one thousand million dollars, and Germany is to hold a portion of territory with some fortified places, and a security for its payment. How or when the payment of this sum is to be provided for we have no means of knowing. It seems an immense sum, and with the valuable cession of territory one would suppose that it would more than compensate Germany for the actual public expenditure of the campaign, and go far to make up the indirect losses incurred by putting the nation under arms. The army about Paris it is understood were to make a formal entry in to the city some day this week. This is regarded by the Parisians as the most humiliating by all the results of the war, and much feeling has been shown by the sensitive people. It is a mere point of honor however, and a thing which the Germans could have done any day since the armistice, and it concerns only the people of the city and the army. It was hardly to be expected after so long a siege should forego the satisfaction of a formal entry into their conquest.

This war will go down in history as one of the most extraordinary military events in modern times. At its commencement France was proud in the reputation of being the first military power, and she had been a standing menace to Europe. In less than two months from the opening of the campaign, the larger portion of her armies were conquered and prisoners, and her Emperor a captive. The succeeding efforts of the extemporised republic were only a series of unfortunate failures, and the final catastrophe finds her exhausted in her military resources, one-sixth at least of her territory with her capital in the possession of the enemy, and the nation reduced to a depth of humiliation and misfortune never before witnessed, unless in a previous era in her own history, in 1815 It will be many years before the nation can recover anything like her former position in Europe. She must be content for one while to hold quite a secondary position among the continental powers.

The war has completed for Germany what many years of peace would have failed to do. It has consolidated into one great and united nation the formerly disconnected sovereignties of Germany, and now the aspirations of their people are realized, a united fatherland. War has brought them all together in one common object, and all share the common glory and the common history. All in proportion to their strength and resources have equally distinguished themselves in the struggles, the marches and the sacrifices of the campaign. It cannot be said that any one of the previously divided sovereignties, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, or Prussia has contributed less than the rest to the great result in the conflict of arms. The Prussian military system has shown its superiority over those of all the nations of Europe, and as she was the leader in the war, her generals controlled the movements of the campaign, and her King, now Emperor, William, and her great statesman, who has organized all this, Bismarck, in the world's regard carry off the highest honor.

PRUSSIA.

The nucleus of the present great and powerful German Empire was the kingdom of Prussia, which a century ago was small in territory and population. At the time of the war with Austria in 1866, the territory of Prussia was 108,136 square miles, about equal to that of our Middle States. Her population was little over nineteen millions. The result of that war was to add to her area 27,810 square miles, and a population of 4,385,000. Her success in this war led to a reorganization of the German States, in which Prussia had the pre-eminence, and her position as a political and military power was immensely improved. During the war with France, the unification of the German States, under the head of Prussia, has been completed, and the union of the Southern States added 44,500 square miles and about 4,500,000 population. As at present constituted, the German Empire has a population of about forty millions, and is the most powerful nation on the continent.

THE POULTRY EXHIBITION. Next week Tuesday is the day of the opening of the seventh annual exhibition of the New England Poultry Club. It will be held at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, and will continue four days. The importance of this great interest and the growing attention it is receiving as a department of agriculture, will make this and all future exhibitions of its class especially attractive and interesting to the farmer and tde breeder. It is expected that this will fully equal if not surpass any display heretofore made in this country.

For the Dumb Animals.—The rich Frenchman in New York who has just died, leaving his whole fortune of one hundred thousand dollars to Mr. Bergh's Anti-Cruelty Society, has more than cleared his memory from any contempt that goes with miserliness in accumulation. He hoarded, and saved, and pinched, and denied, and went cold and hungry, only that the poor dumb creation in New York might have a stronger power to protect them and to advocate their cause with success. Let him be remembered to many a generation hence, that his noble deed of practical benevolence that his noble deed of practical benevolence may find numerous imitators. Now Mr. Bergh, adding this princely bequest to what he had for the endowments of his Society before, will be able to go forward with his work in confidence and courage. It is on a firm footing. It cannot be put down. Having money, everybody will respect it. We sincerely wish that a dozen, or a score, of wealthy individuals hereabout would not deem it necessary to wait until their wills are opened, to make similarly generous gifts to our own deserving Society in Massachusetts, whose coming Fair is to announce it in still more impressive fashion.

Coming Over to Us.—Now that peace is so near at hand in Europe, we may confidently expect an inflowing immigration such as our vast territory never successfully invited before. The French will arrive on our shores, as well as the Germans; and along with them the Scandinavians, the English, the Scotch, and the Irish, all together forming a mighty mass of men, with their wives and children, for whom we have room and resources in unmeasured abundance, and by whose laborious industry our productive wealth is sure to be marvellously increased. This great tidal wave of emigration will break on our Atlantic coast, at the various ports, and scatter its forces in a regular movement over the Northwest and the Middle West, to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. The construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad opens homes without number to this oncoming mass, while the completion of the Union Pacific, and especially the Kansas Pacific, will draw in that direction hundreds of thousands whose industry is to make our untilled prairie blossom and bear fruit like gardens that delight their possessors. It is without doubt to be a great year for immigration.

A Days Debate.—The French National Assembly took a whole day to discuss the terms of peace demanded by the Germans, but were compelled reluctantly to accept them, at last. Thiers and Favre had the whole thing in their hands. The alternative of acceptance was simply a continuation of the war, and France is in no condition for that. For over twenty-four excited hours the Assembly continued its discussions without interruption, coming to a favorable conclusion only after the hardest opposition to what could not be avoided any longer. The Reds are disposed to be riotous and revolutionary, as is their nature; some of their street demonstrations of late having been in the most violent vein. Their leaders are mad enough to demand of Germany the surrender of Napoleon, that they may go through the drama of another trial and execution, with all the accompaniments of the mad revel.

The World at the Door.—Steam and the telegraph have wrought wonderful changes in everything. The man in the country sits by his fire after supper, and revolves in his thoughts questions relating to the most distant quarters of the globe. France and Germany just at present engross him. Disraeli's attack on Gladstone in Parliament excites him. The future relations of European nations to one another compel his reflection. The coming over of the Joint High Commission to settle the Alabama Claims profoundly interests him. Russia's designs in the East are before his mind, that shares his attention. The great movements of the nations fill his mind with their stupendous importance. And though confined himself to labor on forty acres of land, his mind is free to roam over the active proceedings of the population of the globe. This is among the miracles of pleasure which steam and electricity have only begun to work among men.

Coal Clear Up.—All because of a determined combination of operators. There are but few of them all together. They own the mines, employ the miners, and control the lines of transportation. Of course, therefore, when they say the word coal has to go up. They can drain the supply in every market in a month. New York is on a ten days' supply for manufacturing its gas. Other cities are not better off. The famine has seriously set in. Government is asked to take off the duties, and let in Nova Scotia coal free. Something will have to be done, or entirely novel experiences will ensue.

Thirty Years Thinking.—Conscience is a power in man, and it is useless to deny it. A man has just paid to the toll-gate keeper in Oxford, Conn., twenty cents which he said he had withheld from him, by fraudulent representations, thirty years ago. That is almost a whole generation of time. The fact shows that the delinquent has been thinking pretty industriously about it. How true it is, that all such attempts to cheat others invariably react on ourselves. We cannot defraud our own sense of right. If we wrong others, we know it, if nobody else does, and there is no possible absolution but by turning and making things as they should be.

Working in Letters.—Some recent account makes out that Harriet Martineau has written and published three hundred volumes. That is a great many, though they were in good part small ones. What is to the point, however, she has written them every one with her own fingers. Dumas, the prolific French romancer, owned up at the last to twelve hundred volumes and over, but he had a whole staff of *collaborateurs*, to several of whom he dictated chapters of a plot at the same time. As for the abiding fame with posterity, no healthy mind cares a fig for that now. The thing is, to serve one's own generation as one ought to do, letting other matters and consequences take care of themselves. In that view, there is no work that begins to yield the satisfaction that literary work does. While it is proceeding it engrosses and pleasantly excites the highest range of the faculties, calls forth the most elevated powers, searches the recesses of the whole being, and provides the most economical and lasting pleasures that are known. The literary laborer has a great many rewards that mere money can buy for no other person.

Through to New York.—The opinion is that the Boston, Hartford and Erie Road cannot yet be driven into bankruptcy; and with the steady pushing of the work on the road between Putnam and Willimantic and the progress making on the road between Middletown and Willimantic, we shall without doubt have a completed air line road between Boston and New York sometime in the course of the summer, that puts the two cities within seven hours of one another. It will be the favorite route for travel, and all expressing will of course go that way. Anywhere along such a line will be a desirable place for country living.

FAIRS.—There were never so many fairs held in Boston as this winter. The fair for the consumptives' home is now in progress, and is a very fine affair. The great sensation of the season will be the French fair, to be held in April.

IS THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF FARMING REMUNERATIVE AND HOW CAN IT BE IMPROVED?

MEETING OF THE WESTMINSTER WEST FARMERS' CLUB.

Correspondence of the Ploughman.

The agricultural association of this town held this evening discussed the following subject. "Is the present system of farming remunerative and how can it be improved?"

Jerome Holden.— From observation of the present system of farming I think we cannot say that it is very remunerative, and few if any of our farmers engaged in *ordinary* branches of farming can say that they realise six per cent for their capital invested when all expenses have been paid, but this need not be so. We do not keep march with the times; we farm it too much as our fathers used to. Whilst other branches of business are becoming more and more systematized, we lack much in that particular; we should have system about the raising our crops as to kinds and rotation, and when raised we should have more and better system in feeding our animals. True the same system is not applicable to *all*, location has much to do in determining how to proceed profitably. One who lives near a good market can do much at a profit that would not be advisable for one far away to try, but of the staple productions and stock about the same principle applies everywhere, and they should be made better. By wintering our stock betterwe might gain one year in four in growth and many times more. Much of our beef that is turned for market in the fall requires all summer to regain as good condition as they were in the fall previous, and then go for third or fourth quality of beef at a low price and low weight; nearly all this loss comes from poor care in the winter. And if we will compare the *extra* expense of wintering well so that our cattle will continue to gain, with the *extra* weight and quality, we shall find when they are sold in market a large margin in favor of wintering better. Our farmers are complaining of the low price of beef, but it is for *poor beef*; good beef has continued in good demand and at good and remunerative prices. Another advantage gained is that by having our cattle in condition, we can take advantage of the market and sell at the best prices.

We should use more judgment in selling our productions when we are ready to sell; we are too much inclined to hold on for higher prices, and I think we oftener lose than make by so doing; better take the market price and sell when we are ready. I think if the farmers *would* they might combine and form a much better system for marketing both in their sales and purchases. *Improvement* must be our watchword, and when we accept it we shall see that farming *can* be made remunerative.

Riley Harlow.—I think there are good and obvious reasons why farming is not remunerative. One is, most farmers have too much land, more than they can take care of, and something must suffer and go to waste. I have seen to-day around a certain farmer's premises all unsheltered and going to waste nine old ploughs, four or five old wagons, besides carts, sleds, sleighs etc. I presume that farmer complains that farming is not remunerative. I think there is a system of farming that will pay and that is, do less and do it *better*; if anything needs repairing do it in the time. "*A stich in time saves nine*" is an old adge worthy still of our patronage.

George Campbell.— I cannot say that farming at the present time and under the present system is remunerative, and one of two things must be done, we must improve in our method or the price of labor must be reduced; yet it is difficult for us to tell where the particular failing is, and that we may set ourselves aright we should keep farm accounts more than we do. Many things which we do, we cannot tell whether it pays or not. A strict account should be kept with all *farm* pays' and what does not. Labor being high we must prepare our land so that we can do work by machinery, and on small places *cows* may be used as a *team*, thus saving the expense of keeping a farm team. In Germany this is practiced to considerable extent. And you may smile when I propose to work the hog, but I think it may be done and make him an efficient laborer. The method is this, build some movable fence and enclose an acre or two; having prepared a quantity of roots for food, then put within this inclosure fifteen or twenty shoats, throwing in a little corn, and let them *root*; keep them on one piece until it is well worked and manured, then move the fence. I think in this way one might get six or eight acres well cultivated and manured in one season for a slight expense and be growing some good shoats at the same time.

Rev. A. Stevens.— Your farms do not get credit for all the return for the labor bestowed upon them. Farmers rarely keep any debt or credit with their farms. After paying off the merchant and the mechanics at the end of the year, if they have anything left they give only that to the credit of the farm, forgetting that they are debtors to their farms for all they have consumed in their families during the year. A farm that supports a large family should have the credit for it. But your farms not only give you and your families a living, they meet the expense of educating your families. But few parishes of the population of ours have given to the country more educated men and women. Your farms generously furnished the means to meet this expense. Thirty-five professional men have gone from the families of the parish; the farms educated them. As I visit your families I find them well supplied with reading matter, in books and papers. The Post Office account shows that the ninety families of the parish take two hundred and ninety publications, counting the dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies. The parish is also provided with social library books, the number of volumes being about twelve thousand.

The means of providing us with these sources of enjoyment and improvement all come from your farms. True your farms have not made millionaires of any of you. Farms make their returns with more discretion than that; they never encourage prodigality by sudden riches. They give abundance in a manner that teaches economy and industry, which is the foundation of all enjoyment in the possession of property.

When your farms fail to return for your labor all that you need for the comfort of your bodies, the education of your minds, and safety to your morals, you may talk of the unprofitableness of farming! The history of any farming community will bear me out in saying that farming has never failed to do this. Farms have done this under the most discouraging circumstances; they would be *glad* to do *better*. Farms must be well fed and tended to make them cheerful and bountiful givers. You ask how much stock can I keep well? You should ask the same about land; how much can I feed and cultivate.

Farmers make themselves labor and injure the credit of their farms by having more than they can cultivate well. Fence off back hill pastures and let them grow up to wood, which is always good property and increasing in value every year, and turn half of your tillage fields into pastures and cultivate the remainder, and you would save miles of travel every year that bring you little or no gain. Half of the complaint about farming arises from the fact that farmers too often tire themselves out in making their annual journeys over their large farms, and they disgust their sons with the business by the neglected look of a farm that is half cultivated. Hence we find the young men leaving the farms for other business, and the population of our farming districts growing less, and our cities and manufacturing towns filling up. Cut down your farms to a field that you can fence respectably and cultivate so that it will look inviting to your sons. Brush fence that is to be rebuilt every spring and repaired every week is not a remunerative business; it mars the looks of the premises; it consumes the forests, taxes the patience of the farmer and makes breachy cattle. A farm that supports and educates a family, fenced in this way, must be a good farm.

Farmers often put all they do to their fences and buildings to the debt of the farm as though they were taxing themselves for the farm and had no return. In no way does a farm return more to the owner than through improvement in these respects.

Paint on your house and barn raises the price of your farm in the judgment of every one that passes by it. It adds to the estate double the expense and outlay. The same is true of a good fence and careful preservation of the forests; and expense in cellars, and for the convenience and comfort of the stables; and a farmer should be ashamed to ruin his farm by neglect of fences and buildings, and depreciation upon his woodland until there is nothing inviting about it or comfortable to man or beast. It is a most shameful habit to say our farms are not remunerative; they are so in spite of the disadvantages to which they are often reduced. If you should consult the history of this or any other farming community, you will find that the farmers that have done the most for their farms in good fences and buildings, are the ones that have left the largest legacies for their children.

R. L. CROWELL, *Secretary*.

Vermont, February 3rd, 1871.

HON. JOSEPH W. COLBURN.

We copy from the Rutland (Vt.) *Herald* the following letter in reference to the death of Hon. Joseph W. Colburn, from Hon. Daniel Needham of Boston, who, during his residence in Vermont, was intimately associated with the subject of the communication while Secretary of the Vermont State Agricultural Society, and we publish it as an appreciative tribute to one that was widely known and respected:

BOSTON, Feb. 22d, 1871.

My Dear Clark:—Your favor with no ice of the death of Judge Colburn, is received. I have never been more disturbed with any death outside of immediate connections. Judge Colburn was one of the first men I had the pleasure of meeting after my removal to Vermont, in 1855, and from that day to the time of leaving the State in 1864, Judge Colburn was my fast and earnest friend. I knew him as few men knew him. He took me into his heart and he made me a willing listener to his story of life, and when I saw by a telegraphic dispatch in our Saturday Morning Journal, that Judge Colburn of Vermont was dead, I felt that I had lost a strong and noble friend, that Vermont had lost a man in the country at large, had parted with a man whose value and worth few knew.

Judge Colburn was a solid, substantial man of the old school, the like of whom few are left. He wasted no words. He spoke always what he felt, and never used language for evasion or unmeaning compliment. During my connection with the Vermont State Agricultural Society as its Secretary, my four years of Legislative life in the House of Representatives and Senate of Vermont, and pending the acceptance of the mission to Germany, tendered me by the State Agricultural Society, Judge Colburn was always my adviser and supporter. I shall always feel that one of the strong ties which bind me to this world was broken in the death of J. W. Colburn.

Very truly,
Your friend,
DANIEL NEEDHAM.

CONGRESS.

The Forty-first Congress expires to-day, by limitation, and the session of the Forty-second commences at once. The business of the two Houses has of late been confined to the appropriation bills, in respect to which a judicious economy has been used, providing for the centennary national celebration and industrial exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. The Senate has also tacked an amendment to the army bill directing the payment of transportation money to the Pacific railroad, which had been withheld by Mr. Boutwell. The House has repealed the duty on coal by a large majority. The bill to preserve the purity of elections has passed both Houses and become a law.

BURYING THE HATCHET.—To the great satisfaction of the people of Northwestern Iowa, a young couple of that region have just been married after a bloody struggle between their respective families of several years duration. The feud was an old one, and for a long time was waged with all the fury of a Southern vendetta. The bride's grandfather was killed by the bridegroom's father, who in turn was summarily disposed of by one of the young lady's uncles. Each of the loving couple have lost a brother or two and several cousins in duels among each other, while an innumerable number of more distant relations have fared the same fate, on side issues. The survivors of these families have now agreed to bury the hatchet and become "one flesh."

BUSINESS CHANGE. The "Old Corner" Bookstore, since 1869, occupied by Messrs. A. Williams & Co., has been a most popular place of resort, and we believe the change from 100 Washington Street has proved to be a profitable move for the proprietors. It could hardly be otherwise, with the skillful management and personal popularity of the gentlemen composing the firm. Recently the firm of Crosby & Damrell, left behind at 100 Washington Street, has undergone a change in the retirement of Mr. Crosby, and it is lately announced that the remaining partner, Mr. Charles L. Damrell, has formed a connetion with A. Williams & Co., and has moved his stock and business to the "Old Corner" Bookstore.

THE GERMANS IN PARIS. On Wednesday, a portion of the German army escorting the Emperor, made their entry into Paris, without any triumphal demonstrations. They took possession of a portion of the city which was entirely given up to them by the inhabitants. There were no demonstrations of welcome on the part of the people, and the city was as if in mourning.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.—C. C. Coffin Esq. (Carlton) has delivered an eloquent and interesting lecture on the Great Northwest, to the great satisfaction of large audiences. The lecture was repeated last Monday evening. The resources and natural capabilities of the regions in our extreme northwest, and the contiguous British possession were described as no one but Mr. Coffin, a graphic pen and tongue can do.

MR. SUMNER'S HEALTH.—Hon. Charles Sumner has partially recovered from the late severe attack which so much alarmed his friends. He was present in his seat in the Senate Monday, and called a meeting of the committee on foreign affairs for Tuesday.

NEW MUSIC. We have received from the publishers, O. Ditson & Co., Boston, several beautiful pieces of new music, among them, *Woodland Echoes*, song by M. W. Haskelton, *The Golden Streets*, song and chorus, by Walter Kittredge, and *I arise from dreams of thee*, by Wm. Adrian Smith. A beautiful piece for the piano is *Wanderstunden* by S. Heller, as played by the eminent performer James M. Wehli.

☞ *Wonderful Escapes*, is the title of a volume of absorbing interest, handsomely published with illustrations, is the "Library of Wonders" by Charles Scribner & Co., New York. It is revised from the French of F. Bernard, and original chapters added by Richard Whitsing.

READ AND RUN.

—New York has exported, in all, twenty millions of dollars worth of arms to France.

—The suburbs never were *dirtier* than under the influence of this mild weather.

—The West has been visited by a severe tornado, accompanied with thunder and lightning.

—For the first time since the rebellion broke out, every seat in the United States Senate is occupied.

—Col. Wilder is receiving invitations from all parts of the country, to deliver his most interesting and instructive lecture on "California."

—A person "barks up the wrong tree," who tries it with the Big Tree at the Cottage in this city.

—The Western members of Congress stoutly refuse to vote any more appropriations for Washington.

—More than two miles of cars, filled with coal, have been standing for a month on the Delaware and Lackawana Road. "That's what's the matter."

—A man who was sentenced to the Charlestown Prison for fifteen years, in 1865, for robbing the Pittsfield Savings Bank, has just been pardoned by the Governor and Council.

—Alice Cary gave all that she left to her sister Phœbe.

—The Washington Carnival was of no account as a scenic display, the hotel keepers alone being satisfied with it.

—The "coal corner" is creating anxiety and distress in many quarters, as we hope it will lead to some efficient prevention of such maneuvering in the future.

—Theirs is now in his seventy-fifth year, and Guizot is eighty-four. Old stagers.

—Cashier Daniell, of the Webster Bank of this city, proves a defaulter to a considerable amount, which his surety and property will reduce below fifty thousand dollars.

—Mr. Bergh's Humane Society in New York is placed permanently on its feet by the bequest of a miser Frenchman who recently died in that city, amounting to the handsome sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

—The average mortality through the State is one in fifty-four.

—Three little fellows, who had floated out with the tide on a cake of ice that became detached from the main body, at South Boston, would have been drowned but for the prompt action of the driver of a hose carriage, who took a boat and rowed out a mile and rescued them. He was loudly cheered on his return.

—The bombardment of St. Denis is found to have greatly interfered with the repose of the remains of the ancient kings and rulers of France.

—Nails forgot to advance in price before, but having just thought of it will proceed at once like everything else that is in demand.

—New Bedford brags of a female domestic who has lived with one lady sixty-one years and a half.

—San Francisco prefers her earthquakes to the new style of thunder-and-lightning, of which it has recently had a a specimen.

—Forrest has now been on the stage for fifty-three years, and is worth a million and a half dollars.

—Kossuth is just alive, in a state of perfect penury in Turin.

—Earnest efforts are making on every side to make the French Fair in this city a comple and timely success.

—Hayti threatens to make trouble just so surely as we persist in annexing the Dominican Republic.

—Another bridge is planned for the Hudson River, at Poughkeepsie, at a cost of six millions of dollars.

—The Legislature has before it several interesting and important points to discuss, in connection with the purchase and operation of railroads

—Judge Thomas Russell has just been confirmed by the United States Senate as Collector of Customs for the Port of Boston.

—Disraeli somehow appears to be down on the United States in Parliament.

—The small hucksters who go into Paris with their one horse carts to relieve the wants of the capital, are wantonly pillaged by the mob that gather around them.

—Senator Sumner will have to forego public business for a time, if he would recover his health and strength.

—Oranges were never more plentiful in Boston than at this time.

—The revival of the Washingtonian, or teetotal movement in Boston is hailed as an augury of better times, and our most benevolent men and women are helping it on with means and counsel.

—Dr. Brandreth, called one of the pillars of society, is set down at a personal valuation of two millions.

from South Carolina, is as black as it is thought, any human being conveniently can be.

—The most persistent efforts are making by our Philadelphia cousins to secure the celebration of the National Centenuary for that city It will not come off until 1876.

—The Forty-Second Congress, to assemble this noon (March 4th,) is expected to have a session of two months, and perhaps three.

—The Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton is said to be at the end of its means, and must close its doors unless its treasury is replenished soon.

—Taunton boasts of a drawing school with three hundred pupils. Taunton seriously means to draw.

—Hawthorne said that he fully sympatized with Nero in his desire to destroy Old Rome by a conflagration. He said it was the one place on earth that he couldn't abide. The open English country, with the hedge rows, and the church bells ringing on a Sunday morning in summer, were his delight.

—The Commissioners found American capital in San Domingo before them.

—The Pacific Railroad bonds, stock and mortgages hold up well, since the change in the current on that subject.

—The English Joint High Commission made a call upon the President as soon as they reached Washington, and have since established themselves for square work.

—Though the tendency is confessedly toward the towns and cities, there is nevertheless a decided movement outward to the farmstead again. More young men are discussing the matter than ever before.

—Certain members of the French National Assembly demand that Napoleon shall be surrendered to France, as one of the conditions of peace, with a view to his impeachment and trial.

—Bret Harte is at last in Boston, having permanently left the Pacific Coast. He is staying for the time with W. D. Howells, at Cambridge, an author as popular as himself.

—A Roman Catholic priest in San Domingo informs the American Commission there that his church will put in a claim for a good many convents on the island, in case of annexation.

—Dr. Howe, from his serenade speech at San Domingo, appears to have been "clear carried away" with climate, fruits, scenery, and people. It was, in his eyes, one of "the islands of the blest," and what Rev. Francis Vinton calls it, a great national *Sanitarium*.

—"Boffin's Bower" has become a real Boston institution.

—The proposed Museum of Arts is receiving subscriptions daily, which have already reached nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

—Elder Knapp, now well advanced in years, though hale and vigorous still, preached in Tremont Temple last Sunday to a large congregation, many of whom were affected to tears.

—Col. Hiram Bell, long a popular landlord in the White Mountain region, and for years past at the head of the City Hotel in Boston, died on Sunday forenoon last of heart disease.

—The Sound steamers out of New York now leave their docks at five o'clock.

—Six months writing, coal is selling at retail in Boston for twelve dollars per ton. The weather is as favorable for that steep price as could be expected.

—The United States steamer Worcester is expected to leave the Charlestown Navy Yard for France this (Saturday) morning, with relief for the destitute and suffering of that country.

—Beef is two dollars a hundred lower than in September.

—The Count of Paris, now the prominent candidate for the the throne of France in case the Orleanists are reinstated, is thirty-three years old, and served on Gen. McClellan's staff during his campaign in Virginia.

—Louisville commercial records show that she receives more barrels of whiskey per diem than flour. The old sack and bread story over again.

—A haul of a gang of large counterfeiters of United States notes has been made in this city during the week, and is is considered of the first importance.

—The dungeon in which Columbus was confined in San Domingo is an object of great interest to the members of the Commission now on the island.

—A sign of spring is the crawling out of the flies from their winter dormitories about the house.

—Business is reviving in Boston, and promises a brisk season.

—A mob in Paris, enraged by the efforts of a sergeant of police to preserve order, lashed him to a plank, threw him into the Seine, and stoned him until he was drowned.

—Disraeli is showering ridicule on Gladstone for his incapacity to suppress the troubles in Ireland. Parliament is becoming excited.

RELATIONS OF NEW ENGLAND TO THE NORTHWEST.

LECTURE BY C. C. COFFIN.

An immense audience, completely packing full the vast edifice, was gathered in Tremont Temple Monday evening to listen to the lecture of Mr. Charles C. Coffin on "The Relations of New England to the great Northwest." The lecturer was introduced by Hon. Josiah Quincy.

The first half of Mr. Coffin's lecture was devoted to a description of the Northwest, the physical features and resources of the granary about to be opened to the world—a territory in the Red river country alone containing 25,000,000 acres of the richest wheat lands on the globe. After picturing the extent and resources of the immense area lying northwest of the lakes and above the 43d parallel, as given in our report of his lecture week before last, he called the attention of his audience to the relations of New England to that new empire, and as the facts presented are of the utmost importance not only to our manufacturers and business men, but to the whole community, we give a full abstract of his remarks.

WHAT ARE THE RELATIONS OF NEW ENGLAND TO THAT REGION?

There was a time when Boston was largely engaged in commerce, when our wharves were crowded with shipping, and our harbor white with sails, a time when there was a large fleet of vessels engaged in the China trade; but now our wharves are left unto us desolate. The ships which once came in with rich cargoes are ordered to return no more. New York has it now, but even the merchants of that city will soon be compelled to give it up. The Northwest comes in with the West. "Forty carloads of tea started Eastward to-day," so read a telegram from San Francisco a few days ago, and in that train were 1000 packages for Boston. It has been received in this city, and I dare say some of you have drank the refreshing beverage decocted from those identical leaves, which "cheers but not inebriates." It is but the beginning of the end. San Francisco and the Pacific coast will soon arise and the Puget Sound will take the tea trade of the continent. Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia and Boston will receive their teas from the West. I speak of a new metropolis on the Pacific slope. Perhaps you think the statement is a bold one, but twenty years and century ago I saw it in vision, and I see it still, though as yet it has no name or location. It is a vision of the future, the immediate future.

THE TWO GATEWAYS.

There are but two Western gateways to the North American continent, San Francisco and Puget Sound. At no other point between Central Americe and British Columbia is there a harbor that can be made available for commerce. It is 3444 miles from Boston to San Francisco, yet over this long line of land carriage our teas are now arriving. Three thousand men with spades and shovels are now employed on the road upon the second great line of railway, the Northern Pacific, and when that line and its connecting roads through Canada are completed, our teas will come to us via Lowell and the Hoosac Tunnel. Boston then will be 2880 miles from the Pacific. By the construction of that line there will be a saving in land transportation of 558 miles. There will be but one mountain summit to cross and the maximum grade will be only 6 feet to the mile. No tunnel will be required, no snow shed needed.

A CHANCE FOR THE MANUFACTURERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

When that line is completed the manufacturers of New England will have it in their power to hit John Bull a heavier blow than they ever did it. England has made London the banking house of the world, and herself the world's great commercial centre. She is bringing every other country nearer to herself than to any other country.

"Swift ships," said one of her ablest statesmen, "bring swift orders for goods!"

Look at her policy and see how she builds herself up at the expense of other countries. She has expended $600,000,000 on railways in India, and the government has guaranteed 5 per cent interest in order to bring cotton from the interior to the sea coast, that they may supply the looms of England. Which country will be the richest, India and that from our own country in 1869 she manufactured 328,000,000 yards of cloth, which she sent through the Mediterranean, down the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean, and up the China Sea to Hong Kong and Shanghai.

The value of those cloths amounted to $43,000,000. During the same year our own manufacturers exported but $1,000,000 worth of manufactures to China. England is forty-seven days distant from Shanghai by steam; but when the North Pacific Railway is completed, Boston will be only twenty-three days from that port by steam. It has already been demonstrated that with our water power we can manufacture coarse cottons cheaper than England can, and we can raise our cotton. We can raise our own cotton more cheaply than she can produce it in India. Every shipper who has sent cotton goods knows that there has been great loss on goods damaged by mildew while going through the tropics. English shippers are compelled to ensure their bales in water proof canvas, with the seams covered with gutta percha to keep out the moisture which saturates everything in that line while passing. The sea is always damp, and far north of the tropics, and all extra expense in bailing has to be added to the cost of goods for one of distance. London is 11,800 miles from Shanghai via the Suez canal. Boston is 2886 by land and 5600 by water. With 3684 miles of railway in operation in this line in our favor, raising our own cotton more cheaply than England can produce hers in India, we can see that the time is near at hand when we can be her rivals or antagonists of that distant field, and take the trade of the 500,000,000 of people into our own hands. It is an increasing trade. In 1860 England sent 224,000,000 yards to China; in 1869 that has increased the traffic by more than 100,0 0,000 yards more than double. In this trade we are interested as manufacturers! It means the dotting of New England all over with towns, cities and villages—of new Lowells and Manchesters, and new industrious populations. We can make these New England States one great hive of industry, especially if our government will adopt the policy which England has adopted in the encouragement of establishing her mail steamship lines.

Such a policy will look forward toward making New York the banking house of the world.

BOSTON, THE ODESSA OF AMERICA.

If Boston has lost her China trade, she yet has it in her power to become the Odessa of America, in the exportation of grain, from the fact that she lies nearer than New York to the great granary of the Northwest. At the gentleman's request, a map of the world was produced. Last year we exported 188,000 barrels of flour and *twelve bushels* of wheat, while New York sent across the ocean 16,000,000 bushels of corn in the ear and 16,884,000 bushels of wheat. England requires about 90,000,000 bushels of wheat annually from other countries. According to a writer in the London *Economist*, she has nearly reached the limit of her capacity for production, and the annual increase of her population requires almost 10,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum. It may be set down that England for the present must import more than 100,000,000 bushels of wheat from foreign countries. There are five great ocean wheat ports in the world, Odessa, Alexandria, New York, Montreal and San Francisco. The export season from Montreal commences in April and closes in November. The traffic on the Erie canal closes at the same time. It has already been demonstrated that, on an unobstructed tract where there are at least 4 feet of water and in regular time, grain can be transported by rail as cheaply as by canals. A railroad car carries 400 barrels equals that of the Erie canal. The growth of tonnage through New York will be seen by the following statement: In 1870 the canal carried 4,350,000 tons, and the two railroads, 2,170,000. In 1869 the canal carried 6,440,000, and the two railroads, 5,750,000. When the lines of railway now under construction through Canada and the peninsula of Michigan shall have been completed, there will be 144 million acres of wheat land of the Northwest than New York. When we consider that the export from Montreal is confined to three months, the vast facilities required for moving one hundred million bushels of wheat per annum, and that we in New England have to move three-twenty to thirty millions, we can see that Boston has it in her power, with the short lines of transportation and easy grades in her favor, to become one of the great grain ports of the world.

The immense map used at the previous lecture was again exhibited with excellent effect in illustrating the important statements, and the lecturer was repeatedly interrupted by bursts of the heartiest applause.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

BERLIN, Feb. 27.—The news of the conclusion of peace has occasioned immense excitement in this city. The streets are crowded, the houses decorated with flags and festoons, thousands of people are in front of the palaces, and there will be a general illumination to-night.

The Cologne *Gazette* says it is singular that the preliminaries of peace were signed at Versailles in the intervention of the English, Russian and Austrian governments. The Italian government declines to interfere.

PARIS, Feb. 27.—The *Journal des Debats* comments on the cruel terms of peace imposed on France, and says Thiers and Favre were several times on the point of breaking off the negotiations at the risk of fresh resumption of hostilities, and yielded only to dire necessity. Bismarck at first demanded an indemnity of ten milliards of francs, and it was reduced to the sum finally agreed upon only by the most strenuous exertions. It has been stipulated that only 30,000 German troops shall enter Paris, and they shall not march beyond the Place de la Concorde. The Prussians announce that they will suspend publication during the occupation of the city, and all recommend that the inhabitants remain indoors and close their shutters.

The authorities are very uneasy in regard to the attitude of the population when the Prussians march in. The National Guard has been under arms all night and perfect order prevails. Both the guards and regular troops are greatly discontented, and it is doubtful if they can be depended upon to protect the people from violence at the appearance of the enemy.

PARIS, Feb. 27.—The *Journal des Debats* says that during the three years allowed for indemnity, 50,000 Prussian troops will occupy Champagne, exercising the right of requisition, and living at the expense of the French government. If the payment is completed before the time expires, Champagne will be immediately evacuated. It is understood that during the occupation of the city unarmed detachments will be permitted to visit the public edifices in all parts of the city, but the army corps of 30,000 men will not leave Faubourg Honore.

THE LADIES! God bless them, *always* praise GLUENE; it beats the minister for uniting things. Try it.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CARPETS ORDERED BY CABLE.—Four invoices English Tapestries for 1 12½.

Also, 200 rolls all wool American Ingrains, at 75 cts.; Also, several invoices Dundee and 2 plys for 37½ to 50c.

Also, the entire product of an oil-cloth factory—the best American productions from 37½ to 75 cts. per yard.

These invoices of Carpets are all under the market value, and worthy the attention of purchasers.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,
At our New Warehouse,
feb25-4t 76, 78, 80, and 82 Friend

W YORK CATTLE MARKET.

27. *Beeves*—Receipts for the week 7706 head. ttle market is dull, the supply in consequence Lenten season is small, and prices were 1c lower st week. Quotations — poor to medium, 10@11c; to fair, 12-@13c; choice, 13@14c; average 12c. *and Lambs*—Receipts for the week, 28,000 in full supply, and lower; common to fair 6@6½c; prime 7@8c; extra, 7@7½c. *s*—Receipts for the week 11,363; in light de, but closed dull. Live hogs 6½@6¾c; dressed, @9c.

HILADELPHIA MARKET.

Cattle. The offerings amounted to about 1900 market dull, but prices unsettled; sales at $6 @6 50 for grass for common to extra quality. steady; sales at $4@6 70, latter for now and calf. in fair demand and prices lower; sales at 7@8c, as to condition.

were in good demand and prices are firm; sales ad at $10 50@12 00 ₩ 100 lbs net, the latter for ners fed.

ICAGO CATTLE MARKET.

Cattle. The market during the past week has ld and prices have fallen to the extent of 40@50c. on common stock and 100@20 on good to prime For really matured bullocks, of which very few ng forward, there is no special change, perhaps e quote grades and prices as follow: Prime to steers, $6 00@6 75; good to prime second ers, $5 25@5 75; medium, good butchers' $4 @5 25; good and common, $3 00@4 00. Thin ntted cattle are good to choice fat cows and $4 00@5 25, while common to fair drivers were ipose of at $3 00@3 50. Inferior mixed stock, ly failing and scalawags, sold at $2 75@4 00, e a large number left over in the yards and the y gloomy enough, indications being strong that e holiday to good owners will sink lower. A e bloodied steers sold as high $7 25@7 65, an ne to be safe to go beyond $6 90@7 20 as the top ket here.

There is no change to note in this branch of ss. The offerings continue large, the ruling quo- are as follows: $7 00@8 75 for good to choice $5 50@7 65 for fair to good bacon grades; $6 00@ coarse, one or two decks of the poor pens were cleared at ions above given.

The outlook is good, and for good to choice rades, was steady at $4@5; and $5@6 75 for to fair.

STON WOOL MARKET.

and for all grades of domestic wool continues nd prices are very firm at the advance last fact, for some grades of fleece, which are carce, such as medium Ohio, and extra and ra Michigan, somewhat higher prices have ced. But fine wools remain without much ough some holders are asking a further ad- feel confident of receiving it a little later in But this will depend upon the volume of and prices realized for spring fabrics. These ring for a rise as compared with the cost terial, and unless manufacturers can get up a ment in the market for their products, so as pen up to a level with the latter, we may ex- times a material falling off in the demand for during the balance of the season. In fact, this grade are now at a point where a reduction on the part of buyers for consumption, ately exist to any extent. Medium fleeces selling lately exist among the trade. But a long elapse before the next clip can be made avail- d, in the meantime, the mills are able to run g near their full capacity, it is certain that demand must hold out to the end.

large proportion of the sales during the past consisted of pulled wool, the better grades ve been in further advance at present. The receipts very liberal of late but the demand has kept the supply, and a very few desirable lots of s and Eastern super could be sold at full ques- nce noted. Native combing and delaine very scarce, and only small lots are offering. fishing is also very firm at 50c, and a good ping clip California is looked forward to ket supply to commence by the middle of ment of medium fleeces. The demand for fine it is steadily increasing and the sales of Mes- bushel of a steep, forbidden, harsh exterior; ed to men are not attracted to religion, but rather repelled from it.

New Advertisements.

Wanted,

A MAN AND WIFE, middle aged and without children, to do the work of a small family, and a ent in. Inquire

Address T. L., Box 2502, Boston Post Office. mh4 tf

Wanted for Housekeeper,

A AMERICAN WOMAN who is able and willing to take charge of and do the work for five persons. Address DEAN, Box 110 Newton Centre, Mass. mh4-2t

Farmer Wanted.

A GOOD RELIABLE AMERICAN FARMER, who fully understands his business, and who has a good recommendation, can hear of a good situation by addressing Box 674, Boston P. O.

Boston, March 4, 1871. mh4-tf

Wanted,

On or before the first of April, an AMERICAN MAN, to work on a Farm. One of good habits, and who understands taking care of cows and is a good milker. Address G. L. KNAPP,

mh4-3t* North Bridgewater, Mass.

Wanted.

WIDE-AWAKE Canvassers for JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S "**Prussia and France Prussian War**." Sales immense. Send for circular, book for the times. B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass. mh4-3t

Wanted to Hire.

A YOUNG MAN wishes to HIRE a FARM, stocked or partially stocked, with the family on the place to board with. The best of references given. Please state the amount of stock the farm will support.

Address W. H. THWING,
mh4-3t* Tewksbury, Mass.

Wanted,

A SITUATION by an American Man and Wife, on a farm, either private or City Place. The best of reference given. Please address

mh4-2t A. T. EDMANDS,
Acton, Mass.

Wanted.

ON A FARM, April 1st, a MAN AND WIFE, without children, the woman able and willing to do a little work. The man would be used to the general farm work. Persons wishing such a situation may direct letters to P. O. Box 316, Salem, Mass. mh4-1t*

499 Agents Wanted.

TO sell "TODD'S COUNTRY HOMES," or "HOW TO SAVE MONEY." Just from the press. Published for Farmers. Good Commissions. Send for Circulars. GEO. F. TODD & CO., HAWKES,
mh4-12t 50 Bromfield St.

$7332 IN 31 DAYS

Made by one Agent, selling SILVER'S BROOM. **100,000** now in use. Recommended by 500 Grocers, Druggists and Agriculturists. Large profits and quick sales for each Agent. Address Cent. C. A. CLEGG & CO., New York or Chicago.

mh4-4t

A Nice Farm For Sale

AT SANDWICH,

Consisting of about 20 acres, good House and Barn, with all the necessary buildings. Also a good fruit, good pasturage. J. FRENCH,

mh4-3 80 Washington St.

FOSTER PEACH.

WE offer a limited quantity of this Celebrated Peach for the Spring of 1871.

It is equally as hardy and productive as the Early Crawford, and ripens with Hale's Early and is the most known variety in size.

The Foster is the most characteristic Horticultural Society's Peaches would readily bring 25 cts. each in the Boston market.

Price **$1,00 each; $12,00 per dozen.**

GOULD BROTHERS,
Rochester, N. Y.

Chester County Whites,

RAISED by the WORCESTER COUNTY SWINE IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION and its Auxiliary Association.

Selected by CALVIN CUTTER, Agent, WARREN, Mass., from choice stock of the Association.

Orders filled in rotation. Pigs, all of Choice Breeding, ready for sale.

Address CUTTER & CO., Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

mh4-6t

New Advertisements.

J. S. BAKER & CO.,
11 Summer Street, Boston.

mh4-4t

TREES,
PLANTS & VINES.

We offer for the Spring Trade of 1871, the Largest and most Elegant Stock of **Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees, Grape Vines and Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs Roses, etc. etc.**, ever offered by us.

☞ Particular attention called to our stock of

New American and Kilmarnock Willows,
Weeping Mountain Ash, Mountain Ash,
American Arbor Vitæ, 1 to 4 ft. high,
and Dwarf Pear Trees.

Descriptive Catalogues will be furnished on application. Also, Trade List for Nurserymen and Dealers.

GOULD BROTHERS,
Monroe County Nurseries, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
mh4-9t

EGGS FOR HATCHING. OVER 4 FORTY VARIETIES of Pure Bred FOWLS. Send for Circulars. Address H. F. STOWELL,
mh4-2t Williamsport, Pa.

WHITE'S
SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

THIS preparation, which has been used for many years in the practice of an eminent physician with unparalleled success, is NOT guaranteed to cure all diseases but IS WARRANTED in any form of DYSPEPSIA, whether recent or of long standing, from the slightest degree of flatulency, to the most obstinate case. Prepared only by

H. G. WHITE,
General Agency, 37 Court Street,
mh4-2t BOSTON.

AGENTS WANTED.—For the People's Illustrated Edition of D'Aubigne's great work,

History of the Reformation.

Complete in one volume, at popular prices. The book for the times. It should be in every Protestant family. Send for sample Circular, with illustrations, terms, &c. Unusual commissions to ministers and experienced agents. **HORACE KING, Pub., Thompsonville, Conn.**

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan, Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.

IT is the only reliable and harmless Remedy known for removing liver spots, pimples, &c. Druggists everywhere. **Depot, 49 Bond St. N. Y.**

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use **Perry's Comedone & Pimple Remedy**

Which is unrivalled in the effectual, prompt cure by **H. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St, N.Y.** Sold by Druggists everywhere. mh4-16t

A Nice Farm For Sale

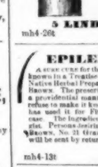
AT SANDWICH,

Consisting of about 20 acres, good House and Barn, with all the necessary buildings. Also a good fruit, good pasturage. J. FRENCH,

mh4-3 80 Washington St.

Ventilation.

NO MORE SMOKY CHIMNEYS.



THE HYNES PATENT VENTILATOR stands unrivalled for arresting a draft in buildings and places of all kinds. It is the best chimney top ever before the public, causing a good draft in the poorest stove and preventing the returning down the chimney from smoke. All persons interested in a good ventilator are requested to call and see it, and ask questions respecting this new and valuable invention. We manufacture for persons, and small and everything needed in the line. Orders respectfully solicited.

Address
J. E. BARNEY & CO.,
5 LINDALL ST., (Room 3.)
mh4-2tee Boston, Mass.

EPILEPSY OR FITS.

A CURE FOR THIS DISTRESSING COMPLAINT is now made known in a Treatise of 32 octavo pages, on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. PERRY DAVIS. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured every body who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The Remedy can be obtained of any drug gist. Persons desiring a copy may address Dr. O. PERRY DAVIS, No. 31 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., and it will be sent by return mail.

mh4-13t

New Advertisements.

Harrington's Patent
SEED SOWER
—AND—
HAND CULTIVATOR,
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
AMES PLOW CO.
THE SOWER

SOWS ALL KINDS OF SEEDS.

Is the best in the market for Carrot, Onion, Sorghum and Turnip Seed, also for Peas and Beans.

In the only one that will sow Seed and Parsnips with regularity.

Makes the Drills and evenly drops and covers the seed.

Distributes Guano and other Fertilizers.

Has no Slides. Reeds or Brushes to get out of order. May be changed from a Sower to a Cultivator, in three minutes.

THE CULTIVATOR

Destroys weeds between the rows and mellows the soil. Dispenses with Wheel and Hand Hoes.

Both Sower and Cultivator are very light, also durable and easy to operate.

The two combined are offered at a price not exceeding that of ordinary Sowers.

They may be had singly at proportionate prices.

AMES PLOW CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Agricultural Implements and Machines,
DEALERS IN
SEEDS, FERTILIZERS,
and other requirements of Agriculturists and Agricultural Districts.

Factories at Worcester and Groton Junction, Mass.

Warehouses, Quincy Hall, Boston, and 53 Beekman St., New York.

☞ Send for Circular. mh4-1t

Farm for Sale in Dover, Mass.

One hundred and fourteen acres of excellent land, in a good state of cultivation, good orchard, two story House with L and brick Ends, containing 12 rooms, Barn, Shed, Cellar, Carriage House, Store House and Shed. Pure spring water at house and barn; buildings in good repair; good neighborhood, location high and healthy, very pleasant, and in sight of depot.

Conditions liberal. Price $7000.

Apply to ELIJAH PERRY, South Natick.
Mr. F. H. Wight, on the premises, will show it.
mh4-4t

For Sale.

One of the best Farms in the town of Orange, of about 175 acres, pleasantly situated, three miles north of Orange village, and two miles west of North Orange, has thereon a good House, two Barns, Corn Barn, Sugar House, Sheds, &c. Said Farm is well watered, well watered and fenced. Some twenty-five acres of valuable timber, a good sugar orchard, about 200 grafted apple trees just come into bearing, and other fruit. Also, two loads grapes and other small fruits on the same; land lays sloping to the South. Will sell the Farm with, or without the Stock. Possession can be given immediately.

For further particulars, inquire of JOHN WEAVER, on the premises, or LUTHER MAYO, on the premises, Orange, February 27, 1871. mh4-2t

For Sale.

Two Estates in East Holliston, one of 7 acres, one-fourth mile from Depot, House, 10 rooms, Barn, Carriage House, and other Buildings near y new, Price, $3,700. No. 2, one acre of land, one mile from Depot, House and Barn for two families. Barn and Carriage house, 25x35, all in good order. Price $3,000. Both Estates on Main Street, pleasantly situated, good variety of fruit and ornamental trees. Apply to A. LENOX, East Holliston Depot.
mar4-6t*

Farms for Sale.

3 Farms for sale in Jaffrey, N. H., containing 130, 132 and 150 acres of first-rate quality land, large lot of wood and timber, good buildings, on good roads, everything desirable for good Farms; ranging in price from $60 to $2,000. Terms easy. Said Farms are within 2 to 3½ miles of the Jaffrey Depot, and from 10 to 12 miles from Church, Stores and Post Office, &c. For a more particular description, address J. C. COBURN,
mh4-2t East Jaffrey, N. H.

Jaffrey, Feb. 28, 1871. mar4-3t

Farm For Sale,

For sale a very valuable FARM in the new and enterprising town of Harrisville, in Hancock, N. H., with dimensions, on the line of proposed Keene and Manchester Railroad, consisting of 140 acres, suitably divided into tillage and pasture, with large quantity of valuable wood and timber, two houses constructed, large and commodious, complete in every department, running water from never failing spring at house and barn, fruit of all descriptions in variety. The place is beautifully located, slopes gradually south, is extremely healthful, and will be sold low to the highest bidder without reserve.

Terms, $300 cash, at sale; $3,000 can lay on mortgage if desired.

For further particulars inquire on the premises, or of the Administrator, Arlington House, or of the Auctioneer, at Bedford.

W. F. WELLINGTON, Adm'r.
mh4-3t Waltham, Feb. 23, 1871.

Farm for Sale.

The Farm and Personal Property of the late Joseph F. Read, in Princeton, deceased, will be sold at Public Auction, on WEDNESDAY, March 15th, at 9 o'clock, 8 extra dairy cows with calf and calves by their sides, 2 two years old heifers, 3 one year old heifers, one bull, Holderness breed, 3 years old, 1 pair of oxen, 4 years old, 1 pair of steers, 2 years old, 1 pair, 1 year old, 3 choice sheep, Leicester breed, 2 Chester County Sheets, 1 buggy, 1 pair of double harness, 1 two horse Clipper mowing machine, 1 horse rake, 1 cultivator, 1 plough, 3 cart yokes, carts, wagons, 1 sled, 1 steam drag, draft chains, ox chains, forks, rakes, hoes, shovels, hoes, wood saws, 1 grindstone. Dairy utensils, Household Furniture, consisting of one improved Magnet cooking stove, with water tank, 2 parlor stoves, tables, chairs, 1 sofa, mirrors, 3 Chamber suits, mattresses, 1 feather bed, one oil cloth dining room carpet, new sewing machine, 1 straw matting many other articles.

Terms and conditions made known at time and place of sale. ANN ELIZA READ, Executrix.
WM. B. GOODNOW, Auct.
Feb. 20, 1871. mar4-2t

New Advertisements.

DON'T SPEND YOUR MONEY

In examining the Farms advertised at a distance, by persons of whom you know nothing, when you can have

ONE HUNDRED DESIRABLE FARMS

Shown you, if not suited before, free of expense at the WORCESTER COUNTY BRANCH OF GEORGE H. CHAPIN'S FARM AGENCY, with a carriage and a pair of horses at your disposal—not a worn out jaded team—but you will ride after a pair of four minute horses that will make your trip a pleasure. Our office is directly opposite the depot at Charlton, on the Albany Railroad, 12 miles from Worcester, where our teams are in waiting upon the arrival of all trains from Boston, and New York, and we shall be happy to see any of the readers of the *Ploughman* at any time. All inquiries by mail will be promptly answered. We give below descriptions of some of our Farms in the vicinity of Worcester, which we guarantee to be better than here described, for we have examined them. An investigation will convince the most interested.

We could fill this column with the names of parties to whom we have sold Farms, who are delighted with their purchases. IMPROVED FARMS are cheaper in Massachusetts than any where else in America.

Please send the following Farms:

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HOMESTEAD with 5 acres of level, rich land, 10 minutes walk from depot; same distance from a river with fine facilities for boating and fishing, near school, no stones, keeps 2 cows and horse, choice fruit, nearly new House of seven rooms, with L, painted and blinded, in complete repair throughout, nice barn, 22x28, with cellar. Pleasantly located, on high land overlooking, and near to village, which contains a public Library, High School, and religious privileges of a high order. A charming little place for $2,000, $1,000 can remain on mortgage as will suit purchaser. This, with the following, and many others, will be shown upon application to

GEO. W. DOANE,

At Charlton Depot, who has charge of the Worcester County Branch of Chapin's New England Farm Agency.

AN EXCELLENT TO ACRE FARM FOR $2,000. Half a mile from church, 2½ miles from depot, near good neighbors, 18 acres in wood, rich soil, level, free from stones. Keeps a cow, a quantity of choice apples, pears and charies; have 100 bushels apples besides other fruit; good soft water at house and barn; large 2 story House of 9 rooms, painted and papered, in good repair. Barn 30x80, with shed, 10x20. Very pleasantly located, on a good road. An excellent Farm, easy of cultivation, easily carried on with one horse. Price $2,000. Only $800 required down. Apply at the Charlton office.

AN EXCELLENT HILL FARM of 140 acres, 1½ miles from a pleasant village, 3 churches, and an excellent academy, 15 rods from school, 30 acres in wood, will cut 500 cords. The land is rolling, a deep, dark loam, only 40 tons of hay, keeps 18 head of cattle and horses, 150 sheep, your neat product, trees, grapes and berries. Brick House, with L, containing 7 rooms, blinded, and in nice repair. Barn, 30x60, with shed attached 16x36, all in good repair. Very pleasantly located, on a good road, on high ground, recently repainted inside and papered. The L was built last year. A very desirable Farm. Price $4,500, about half cash, balance to suit the purchaser. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE.

A NICE LITTLE THREE ACRE PLACE FOR $800. Pleasantly located, in a town noted for its Academy. Three acres of level, rich land, free from stones. Keeps one cow, choice apples, peaches, cherries, grapes and berries. A Cottage, 24x24, well painted and papered, Stable, 30x34, with cellar, and shed, all in good repair, on the main road with good neighbors, near good fishing, will bear inspection. An extremely healthful location. Only $800; $400 cash, balance $100 per year. A genuine wishing a cheap and desirable residence for the hot months, will here find a cosy place for a little money. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE.

WILL SELL OR EXCHANGE A COMFORTABLE FARM? YES. Located one mile from the village, containing 4½ acres, some wood, 80 nice fruit trees, cuts 12 tons English hay. Cottage House, 24x36, well painted and papered, Stable, 30x34, with cellar, and shed, all in good repair, on the main road with good neighbors, near good fishing, will bear inspection. An extremely healthful location. Only $800; $400 cash, balance $100 per year. A genuine wishing a cheap and desirable residence for the hot months, will here find a cosy place for a little money. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE.

WILL SELL OR EXCHANGE A COMFORTABLE FARM? YES. Located one mile from the village, containing 4½ acres, some wood, 80 nice fruit trees, cuts 12 tons English hay. Cottage House, 24x36, well painted and papered, Stable, 30x34, with cellar, and shed, all in good repair, on the main road with good neighbors, near good fishing, will bear inspection. An extremely healthful location. Only $800; $400 cash, balance $100 per year. A genuine wishing a cheap and desirable residence for the hot months, will here find a cosy place for a little money. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE, *Charlton Depot.*

A GOOD LITTLE FARM FOR $1,700. Containing 41 acres, 6 in wood. The tillage is free from stones cuts 12 tons of hay. Keeps 8 cows and horse, 30 to 75 apple and pear trees, and small fruits. Cottage House, 24x36, of six rooms, well painted and papered. Barn 24x40, in good repair, very pleasantly located, three-quarters of a mile from church, 80 rods from a short of water and boating facilities for boating and fishing, near a flourishing village, and a ready market for all farm produce. The owner is far advanced in life, and this is the reason offers the Farm for sale, as he is too infirm to carry it on. Price $1,700, $800 cash, balance to suit. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE, *Charlton Depot.*

100 ACRES WITH STOCK AND TOOLS, in the pleasant town of Uxbridge (see our New Map) an excellent Farm of 100 acres. Considered the best grass Farm in Worcester County for the value. 10 acres in wood, enough for present use, the rest mowed by machine, a deep, rich loam. Cuts 50 tons of hay now, and can easily be made to cut 75 tons. Keeps 20 head of cattle and horse through the year. 200 apple trees, also pears, peaches, cherries, grapes, berries 14 story House of 6 rooms, old fashioned, but comfortable. Nearly new Barn, 38x50 in fine order, old Barn, 30x30 which needs some repairs, Tool house, 20x25, Sheds, &c. Beautifully located, within a short distance of a large pond. Price, including 6 cows, a fine horse, new mowing machine, new horse rake, 2 of hay, one cart, 8 tons of hay, one lumber wagon, one drag, shovel, hoes, and lots of other things, all for $4,000. $1,500 cash, balance to suit. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE, *Charlton Depot.* (See among the other advertisements in this paper.) This, with many other Farms, in the best farming region of New England, will be shown free of charge by applying at our *Charlton Office.*

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL LAKE, near School, and a good market, a valuable Farm of 75 acres. 15 in heavy oak and chestnut wood, will cut 500 cords, wath, at least, $1000 on the stump, and vastly more when marketed. Rich land, tillage free from stones, cut 25 tons of hay, keeps 12 cows and horse. Fine orchard of 300 apple trees, also pears, peaches, plums, grapes and berries 14 story House of 8 rooms with L and piazza. Barn, 36x50 with cellar, Granary, &c., all in good repair, except partially shingled. Has been neglected lately—loss in another town, and, as he must make a quick sale, has put the price down to $2,500, $1,000 cash, balance down, which must cease it to sell to the first person who examines it, and is ready to buy. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE, *Charlton Depot.*

VALUABLE TIMBER AND STOCK FARM of 200 acres, 60 in heavy wood. The owner will guarantee it to cut 30000 feet of wood and saw lumber; 2 miles from a large manufacturing village and a good market; deep, rich land; tillage free and level; cut 40 tons of hay; keeps 20 head of cattle; 100 sheep. Large, new barn; water supplied to House and Barn by aqueduct; 2 story House of 10 rooms, and a large milk room, in the basement; 3 Barns 30x40, each new and shingled; granary 20x24; sheds, etc.; very pleasantly located, and is offered for $3000 on easy terms, as the owner removes West. The owner wishes us to assure our customers that he has the greatest bargain in timber and stock Farm ever offered in this State, as he has sold within sixty days, and has fixed his price accordingly. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE, *Charlton Depot.*

A SPLENDID 10 ACRE FARM FOR $900, well located, convenient to school, a nice little Farm of 10 acres, rich loam, with the village free from stones. Keeps cow and acres; 100 apple, peach, and cherry trees, also grapes and berries; 1½ story House with 7 finished rooms, nearly new, and in complete repair; near a large manufacturing village, which is a ready market for all farm produce; with good neighbors, and every way desirable. Price $900; $450 cash. Apply to GEO. W. DOANE, *Charlton Depot.*

A GOOD HOUSE FOR $400, a snug House with basement, containing 5 finished rooms, well papered and painted; supplied with lightning conductors; very pleasantly located, on a good road, among good neighbors; 20 rods from fine fishing and boating. The House has been built only five years, and is of course worth much more than is asked for the place. Garden of one acre containing some fruit. A gentleman wishing a Country House for the summer, or a laborer wishing a good Homestead with constant employment near, will be suited with this. Price only $400; $250 cash down.

We have

EIGHTY-ONE OTHER FARMS

in this region in value

From $900 to $15,000,

which we should be pleased to show our customers. If you can't come to Charlton now, please

CUT THIS COLUMN OUT,

and keep it until you can come, for we will guarantee to show you the cheapest property that you ever saw, and all the citizens of a refined and intellectual people. Apply to or address

GEO. W. DOANE,
CHARLTON DEPOT,
On the Albany Railroad, 12 miles from the city of Worcester, Worcester County Branch of
GEO. H. CHAPIN'S
NEW ENGLAND FARM AGENCY,
mh4-12t **34 Tremont Row, Boston.**

New Advertisements.

J. BRECK & SON.

GARDEN, FLOWER, FIELD,
—AND—
GRASS SEEDS,

OF EVERY VARIETY, OF THE FINEST QUALITY

grown for us by the most experienced growers in Europe and America, or raised by ourselves.

☞ For full particulars, send for Catalogue, which will be sent by mail free.

JOSEPH BRECK & SON,
51 & 52 North Market Street Boston.
mh4-4t

Double Harpoon
Horse Hay-Fork.

Highest award and Bronze Medal at the New York State Fair and Trial in 1870.

Thirty Premiums in 1870.

Endorsed by 1000 Farmers in 1870.

Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free.

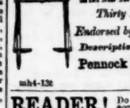
Pennock Manufacturing Co.
Lionel Space, Chester Co., Pa.
mh4-13t

READER!

Do you want employment at $27 a week, expenses paid? If so, address, with stamp, SPAULDING, CLARENCE & CO., Corenco, Mich. mh4-4t

Holbrook's Patent Swivel Plows,

For Level Land and Side Hill.



8 Sizes.

WON THE HIGHEST PRIZE at N.Y. State Trial, 1870, for Plowing

Send Stamp for Circular. **Sod & Stubble**

They leave no dead furrows nor ridges, but an even surface for the Mower, Tedder, and Rake. Clear and pulverize thoroughly. Self-adjusting hinged Cutters. Call and examine them. Manufactured and sold by

F. F. HOLBROOK & CO.,
feb4-13t **10 South Market St., Boston, Ms.**

"BIG TREE."

ON EXHIBITION

For a short time, prior to shipment for Europe, a SOLID SECTION of the Original California "BIG TREE."

40 Feet in Circumference,

At "**Big Tree" Cottage, Scollay's Building,**

(Between Court Street and Tremont Row.)

This Tree was 302 feet high, nearly 100 feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument. Five men worked twenty-five days in cutting it down.

For opinions of Prof. Agassiz, other naturalists and scientific men—and the unanimous press—see small bills. Messrs. J. ELLERSON & RICKEL, Proprietors.

Admission 25 Cents.

Children under 14 years of age, 15 cents. Schools at reduced rates. Open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

feb18-4t

E. G. Alden,

EXTRA LARD OIL, PURE LARD
CANDLES, 3 lb, 5 lb, and 10 lb., packed in 60 lb cases.

No. 191 Broad Street, Boston.
E. G. ALDEN. dec31-1y J. C. ALDEN.

Choice Fowls and Eggs.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS, DARK BRAHMA, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 37 varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by E. R. PERKINS,
336 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

Enclose stamp and send for Circular. jan21-tf

$5 TO $10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN

who engage in our new business make from $5 to $10 per day in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

jan14-13t

Eggs For Hatching.

16 VARIETIES OF FOWLS. Send for Circular. All bred from Imported and Premium Stock. Address ELI W. BATCHELOR,
mh4-8t* West Upton, Mass.

Fancy Fowls.

Eggs For Hatching.

PARTRIDGE, WHITE, BLACK and BUFF COCHINS, LIGHT AND DARK BRAHMAS, AND FIFTEEN OTHER VARIETIES.

A FEW FOWLS FOR SALE.

Send for circular.

E. MARTSHORN & SONS,
feb11-tf **18 Blackstone st., Boston.**

Sewing Machines.

SEWING MACHINES of every description, sold on the most liberal terms, for cash, or small monthly installments.

—ALSO—

Exchanged, Repaired and To Let.
jan21-13t G. F. NORTON, 86 Court St., Boston.

To Milk Producers.

I WILL LECTURE UPON THE MILK QUESTION during the month of March, wherever within the limits of the New England Milk Producers' Association it may be deemed important by the dealers or producers. Parties interested will communicate with me as above. DANIEL ROUND,
Norfolk, Mass., Feb. 21, 1871. feb25-3t

Jersey Cows for Sale.

ONE Cow, 6 years old, calf by her side, three days old. One Cow, three years old, calves on the first of April. Inquire of A. HODGES, East Foxboro', Mass., near Railroad station. feb25-3t*

Wanted,

A SITUATION AS FOREMAN on a STOCK or PRODUCE FARM, by an experienced American Farmer. Best of reference given.

Address Box 38, Wellesley, Mass. feb25-3t*

For Sale.

PURE GROUND BONE,

FOR FERTILIZING PURPOSES.

JACOB GRAVES,
No. 20 North Market Street,
feb25-9t BOSTON.

150 Trophy Tomato Seeds

For 15 Cents.

2 packets (3000 seeds) for 25c, postpaid

Warranted genuine. A. B. HOWARD,
feb25-tf Belchertown, Mass.

Something New.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

GRUB & CANKER WORM EXTERMINATOR

THE only sure preventive ever offered to the public for protecting the Fruit Trees from the ravages of the Grub and Canker Worm. Whoever tried has given perfect satisfaction.

Beware of articles of inferior merit.

Manufactured and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by

GEO. H. MORRILL,
PRINTING INK MANUFACTURER,
Office No. 86 Water Street,
feb25-13t Boston, Mass.

A GENTS WANTED—($225 a Month) by the **American Knitting Machine Co.**—Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. sep17-26tg

Mrs. L. R. Springer,

IMPORTER and Dealer in Dessiccannaie, Diaphanie and Materials. Holly Wood articles, Fancy Vases, &c. Free Instructions in Dessiccannaie. Wax Flowers, Fruit, &c., taught with all the latest improvements. Foliage by an entirely new process. Dessiccannaie Depot, 331 Washington Street. feb11-ly

THE
READ MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
164 Federal Street, Boston.

Would like to secure an efficient corps of Agents for the Patented article manufactured by them, and to each they will give

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO TERRITORY.

Please send for circular.
feb11-4t

Thoroughbred
DANVERS ONION SEED.

THIS Seed was grown from the celebrated stock of Onions spoken of by Mr. B. P. Ware, in his address before the Essex County *Agricultural Society* in Sept. 1869, and is without doubt the

Most Reliable Stock

ever grown in the State.

We shall dispose of it on very liberal terms in order to introduce it to the farmers and market gardeners of Massachusetts.

PRICE.

Less than ten lbs.....$5.00 per lb.
Ten lbs. and upwards.....4.50 " "

For sale by **H. WARE, Marblehead,**
WHITTEMORE, BELCHER & CO.,
34 Merchants Row, Boston.
feb18-6t

Wanted,

A MAN and his wife to take charge of the Town Farm at the Alms House in Sudbury, for one year from the First of April next. The Overseers of the Poor of said Town will be at the Town House, on Wednesday, the Eighth day of March, at 1 o'clock, P. M., to receive proposals.

A. N. THOMPSON,
L. G. HUNT,
WEBSTER MOORE,
Overseers of the Poor of Sudbury.

Sudbury, Feb. 13, 1871. feb15-3t

The Waltham Medical Institute.

To the Lame and Consumptive.

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G. W. RHODES, M. D., Principal.
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JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.
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6's, '81, Coupon,			$237.-0	2.5 per cent gold
8-10's, '62,	6 per cts.,		207.50	2.36 " "
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feb11-4t

Farm for Sale.

The Subscriber offers for sale his well known Farm in the south part of Barre, on the road to Hubbardston. The farm contains about 115 acres of land well adapted for the dairying business, well watered and fenced and under a high state of cultivation. There is a large number of apple trees of the best varieties, in thrifty bearing condition, and a large variety of other fruits. On the place is some $2000 worth of wood and timber. The buildings are amply sufficient, nearly new and in complete order. Possession will be given at any time desired. For further particulars apply on the premises.

MILETUS HENRY.
Barre, Dec. 9, 1870. feb18-7t

A Fruit and Dairy Farm for Sale

In Sherborn, 1 mile from E. Holliston Depot and Postoffice, 3 from So. Framingham, 20 from Boston. Contains about 100 acres, soil, of which 25 is in pasture, the best in town, and 7 acres of wood. The house is a large one, and in the prime of bearing, with an orchard recently set out; also, 75 pear trees and 500 grape vines. The buildings consist of a large old fashioned house, barn 60x35, with sheds to protect the manure, and outbuildings. The farm is well watered by 4 springs. It will keep 6 to 10 cows, a pair of oxen, and in some the year round, and is well worthy the attention of those wishing to purchase. Possession will be given at once, if desired. For further particulars, inquire

The Poet's Corner.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Trusting a golden hour I set my sail
Where mellow winds prevail.
I was alone upon the waters wide;
No faithful spirit nestled at my side;
Strange currents beat against my shallop frail—
I could not stem the tide.

A hand invisible, but firm and bold,
My fixed helm controlled.
On, on I drifted to a glowing land
Wherein the air was fraught with odors bland;
The ripples slid in many a shining fold
Along the sloping sand.

Peace made her nest within a sheltered bower;
The forests were in flower;
And there I heard a voice, with heart elate,
A winning voice, prophetic, like a Fate—
A voice that blessed with me the happy hour
That bore me to my mate.

Ladies' Department.

From the Overland Monthly.

A PHANTOM TRAGEDY.

At twenty-one I was called upon to serve my term at soldiering, and was sent, with the Fusileers, to be stationed in the ancient city of S——, close by the sea. It was some ninety miles from my home; but I lived among pleasant surroundings, and had rented and furnished a neat little house for myself, as there were no barracks in S—— at that time.

When the military manœuvres were over, early in autumn, I got a fortnight's furlough, and visited my parents; and when ready to leave them again, my mother took me aside to explain to me why father had been more than usually irritable and excited. He had received an angry, reproachful letter from his eldest brother, who lived—as I now learned for the first time—somewhere in the vicinity of S——. My father had always been singularly reticent in regard to his early life and the history of the different members of his family; But mother told me on this occasion that they had disagreed at the division of property on the death of their father, and none of them had associated with this older brother since. Now, however, he had written to reproach my father for his neglect of him. I, fortunate youngster, was the only son in the entire remaining family, and it had been his intention, he wrote, to make me heir of all he possessed; since my father had so neglected him, however, he was in doubt about carrying out this project; had half determined to make a new will, and so forth. My father was angry with himself as well as with his brother; and mother, who was always mediator and referee between father and the children, said it was his wish that I should receive my uncle's advances—should he make any—kindly; but that I should make no advances to him. Her own private instructions were, that I should write to the old gentleman as soon as I returned to S——, and announce my visit to Rosenhagen, the estate on which he lived. "Though we are by no means poor," concluded my mother, "remember, Fritz, that you have three sisters who claim their share together with you, and your uncle possesses other estates besides Rosenhagen."

I promised to "remember;" to all other questions about this uncle of mine, mother could only reply that she knew nothing more of him, and I returned to S——, where I engaged in the pursuit of my own pleasures when not on duty, and soon forgot uncle, Rosenhagen, and all. I had, on first returning to S——, made inquiries in regard to him, and was told that Rosenhagen was, indeed, a magnificent estate, but that the old man himself, at all times unsociable, had long withdrawn from the world, and nothing pleasant or agreeable for myself could grow out of an acquaintance with him.

One day, early in October, a letter was handed me, which proved to be from this redoubtable uncle, and held inclosed a handsome draft for me and a letter formy military commander. The letter to the Commandant contained a request that I, as the heir of an aged and infirm man, should be allowed to visit him at once, for life was but uncertain to him at best. Further on, he simply introduced himself, as it were, urging me to come at once with the bearer of the letter. This was an old iron-gray individual, half huntsman, half coachman, who told me, unceremoniously, that he would start for home at one o'clock, and that his master expected me to-day. It was already eleven o'clock, and the chances of my getting a furlough and "setting my house in order" in that space of time seemed highly problematical; but I accomplished it, and at one o'clock rode out of the city-gate behind the iron-gray servitor, on a plain, wooden wagon.

My mother had said the estate was some ten or twelve miles out from S——, but hour after hour passed without a sign of Rosenhagen greeting my eyes; it grew dusk, and still I could not see my inheritance. The road grew worse, so that the horses had hard work to draw the light wagon; we passed through moor and heath, and stunted remains of the forest becoming dimly visible in the light of the new moon. Pretty soon the moon went down, and the air grew so cold that in spite of the season I was glad for my venerated uncle, I could hardly help wishing myself back to my comfortable quarters in S——. I was hungry, too, and tired, and the old iron-gray had before me had never a word to say, except to his horses. At last my impatience got the better of me, and I asked, sharply, "Are we not near Rosenhagen yet?"

"Gee—ho!" said the ice bear to his horses, giving them a smart cut with the whip: they were just drawing the vehicle up a short, steep ascent, which brought us out on level ground. I thought I heard a hollow roaring and rushing, as though the ocean was not far away; a quarter of an hour later the wheels of our wagon were rattling in the sand, and I clearly perceived the waves till under the very hoofs of the horses.

"Rosenhagen"—said my companion, suddenly, in a deep, growling voice, "much good may it do you! Rosenhagen—there it is, off to the left"—pointing over the country, to where I could see only a dark clump of trees. "That would be well enough; but the master there, this long time in Dreshlott, the devil take it."

This last anathema, in the mouth of such people, I knew, meant nothing more than "a fine prospect for you."

"It is still far off, your Dreshlott?" I ventured to ask again. But my coachman had now grown so averse to speaking that he would not even address his horses any more.

All at once dark masses, among which I thought I could see the glimmer of lights, arose in front of us, and the next minute we entered a—shall I say, garden or park? It might have been both. Among groups of trees and clumps of shrubbery, neglected flower-beds were still to be seen. A smooth gravel road carried us around a tall, dark building, and brought us to a deep, arched entrance door. It was open, and a counterpart of my iron-gray coachman stood on the upper step, with a lantern in his hand.

"Did you bring him?" he called out bluntly to my driver.

"Guess so," was the laconic response.

"Then please to alight, young gentleman; your uncle is becoming impatient."

I was but too glad to obey, and was led through halls and corridors, up stairways and down steps, till we finally reached an apartment from which a dazzling light was flashing, though the room was furnished in anything but a gay or elegant manner. A hollow voice said, in a peculiarly wearied tone:

"Ah! there he is, after all. A hearty welcome to you my child."

It was some time before I could accustom my eyes to the glaring light shed over the otherwise gloomy, though artistically arched apartment, by a great number of wax tapers. Twelve palisters seemed to bear the weight of the groined ceiling, uniting in one pillar, which shot up from the middle of the floor. It was evident that in former days this room had been the chapel; the one gothic window, from which the heavy curtains had been drawn back, seemed also to speak for this. The wainscoting was of dark wood throughout, as were the few old-fashioned pieces of furniture in the room. The most singular feature about the place was a table, built around the centre pillar, just as we see around trees in public gardens. Near this table, in a large arm chair, sat a tall, gaunt man, of apparently fifty-six, in a plain, comfortable dressing-gown, with a soft rug drawn up over his knees. An open book lay on the table before him, and as his head was uncovered, I could see that only a few white hairs remained; but the heat in the room was so intense that no one need have felt any apprehension of taking cold, even without a covering for the head. The eyes alone were bright, almost youthful; his voice was still depressed and weary, as he said:

"Come nearer the light, my child, so that I can see you. Ah! well, I am satisfied. But where is your uniform? I understood you were in service?"

"We volunteers, who have but one year to serve, do not wear it on furlough."

"So, so;" still intently regarding me. "I don't understand these new arrangements; the Sternfelde never had much to do with the service. When does your term expire?"

"By Easter-day," was my reply.

"That is too long," he meditated, "too long. The estates will fall to you before that time."

The servant came to announce that supper was ready for me, but my uncle bade him spread the cloth on the table at his side, and dishes and wine were presently brought in. All this time he conversed pleasantly, though always in a tone as of great fatigue; and he even made the attempt to raise himself and pour out the first glass of wine for me, but sank back with a groan.

"It won't do, Fritz. Pour the wine for yourself, and a little drop for me, too. I *will* drink a welcome to you, no matter what that fool of a Doctor says."

"Are you sick, uncle?" I asked.

"Sick? Well, yes; though while I could live in the open air I was always hearty, but since the gout has thrown me into this cole hovel, I feel my seventy-eight years weighing on me heavily."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Seventy-eight?"

"Yes, twenty years older than your father. My brother must have you declared of age very soon, for I do not want my estates to be without a master."

He broke off, and soon after bade me go to rest, as he knew I must be tired. In answer to his bell, the servant appeared.

"What rooms have been prepared for my nephew?" he inquired of him.

"The vine-leaf room and that with the leather wall-hangings," was the low reply.

My uncle raised himself with an angry, imperious air.

"How? You mean the picture-room and the room in the turret. Have you lost your senses?"

"The housekeeper said that none of the other rooms could be gotten in readiness so soon," answered the servant, humbly.

The old man sank back in his chair, exhausted. "It is true—Dreshlott has long stood deserted—and the rooms are all too large for the present generation. You must get through the night the best way you can, Fritz—to-morrow we will make different arrangements."

I had well noticed the peculiar manner in which the rooms assigned me had been spoken of, and on my way there I questioned the servant in regard to them, hoping, in anticipation of a hearty laugh, to hear something about ghosts and apparitions. But the man only said, after some hesitation, that my uncle's great-grandfather had occupied these rooms in his life-time; that the castle had been unoccupied for fifty years after his death, and that they had always been held in veneration.

We had been traversing a narrow corridor for some time, going now a few steps up, then a few steps down, till at last we came to a stairway, rising some eighteen or twenty steps, and landing in front of a large, high door. The room we entered was so large that the two tapers the servant carried lighted it but dimly. A freshly made bed stood against the back wall, near the door; to the right, in the background, was another door, leading into a smaller, circular apartment, the walls of which were painted with garlands of vine leaves, and to the left, close to the first door, the man threw back the pressed leather wall hangings, disclosing a door that led to a kind of balcony, or lodge, from which one could look down into an endlessly large hall. "That is the King's Hall—King Charles Gustavus of Sweden once feasted and danced here," the servant informed me, dropping the hangings over the closed door again. "There are no other entrances to these rooms, young gentleman—though there is no lack of masked entrances and passageways in Dreshlott. There is no other room occupied in this part of the building, but a pull at the bell by your bed will bring immediate attendance day or night. A restful night to you, sir."

Tired though I was, I took a survey of the rooms, and found that the first was a large apartment, with two windows at the north; the walls clothed with antique leather hangings, which were made use of except where they covered the door to the little box, or lodge. High up on the walls hung a number of large pictures—family portraits—of the last two centuries, in faded gold frames; underneath stood heavy furniture, dating from the same period. The second was a turret room, which had apparently been used sometimes as a sleeping or dressing room, sometimes as a study. A massive, carved writing table was there, as well as two large wardrobes, or clothes presses; and in the wall was a deep niche, which looked as though a bed might formerly have found its place there. The only window of this handsome apartment looked to the east, and when I opened it I thought I could recognize parts of the garden or park through which we had passed. The roof of the sea fell distinctly on my ear.

Locking the outer door, I sought my bed, which I did not leave till roused by a loud knocking at my door, late the next morning. It was the servant, who announced that he had come to serve breakfast, as the huntsmen and hounds were ready for a chase, and the day one of the finest. My uncle would receive me at noon.

When I was led to his room, he was again seated by the round table, reading. But there were three windows in the room now: two of these were not closed, but *hidden*, at night, through an ingenious arrangement of the wainscoting. I found, altogether, that the old servant's information in regard to the interior of Dreshlott was quite correct. A second displacement of the wainscoting revealed my uncle's bed chamber; and still another part being pushed aside, permitted of my uncle's chair being rolled through a massive doorway into a little dining room, from where, through a likewise matched door, one could pass immediately into the gallery, without encountering any of the numberless steps and stairs over which the way to these apartments led, through the corridors. In my uncle's room I found, besides the furnace-like heat of the night before, a chandelier with three wax tapers burning, all day long; and when I asked the reason of this, he said that it was the fashion in former days to have a taper by which to light a gentleman's house all day long, by which to light the pipe.

"But—how did you sleep, Fritz? The rooms are rather exposed, and the wind blew hard, all night long: were you disturbed—shall we change your rooms to-day?"

"By no means!" I protested. "I am delighted with my rooms."

"You must inspect the King's Hall, some day," my uncle advised me; "there is stucco work in it, such as you seldom find at the present day." And the subject was dropped.

I was delighted with my rooms; there was an air of comfort and quiet within their antique-looking walls which could not be found in any other part of the rambling, tumble-down buildings. The pictures in the "leather room" (they represented only the male portion of my ancestors) interested me greatly—particularly that of a gentleman in a court costume of gold embroidered coat and pale violet leather-garments. Not even the ridiculous Allonge wig could entirely mar the contours of this fine head and expressive face; and when I spoke of it enthusiastically to my uncle, he said:

"It is my great-grandfather; the picture was painted in 1680—in Paris, whither he had gone with our embassy. He also married there—a St. Ange; you will find her picture in the King's Hall."

The picture was there—the face delicate and handsome, yet somewhat bold in its expression. Besides here, there were many, many others; the stucco work was not only beautiful, but well preserved, and the hall itself was magnificent in size and appointments, though the dust and mold of centuries seemed to lie over all. With great satisfaction I always returned to my own rooms, where I spent hours looking out of the different windows. From the picture room I could overlook garden and park. Great, ancient trees stood close to the walls, and in their shade the ivy grew more luxuriantly, throwing a green mantle over the crumbling ruins. The garden had been laid out in the stiff, French style; and though it had run wild in the course of nearly a century, the remains of a fountain were still in the midst of it, and an avenue of linden led from it directly to the ruins of a pavilion—in its time undoubtedly a most charming retreat. Immediately back of it, the forest trees grouped themselves more closely, while some stood so near that when in foliage, their shadow must have concealed door and window of the summer house. The roof had fallen in, but the door facing the linden avenue, and the shutters on the windows, still remained fast; likewise the little back gate leading into the forest. From the turret room I could see another part of the garden. The low wall inclosing the garden, was visible from here, and beyond it were the strand and the wide, open sea.

I had been in Dreshlott a week, when my uncle one evening dismissed me earlier than usual, because he suffered great pain; and he seemed more gloomy than I had yet known him to be. I made this remark to the old servant, who, as usual, lighted me to my rooms.

"Yes, yes, young gentleman; he's worse than I've seen him for many a day, and if it comes to-night for the third time——" He checked himself in evident confusion, but his words had awakened my curiosity, and I asked him:

"What do you mean, Frans?"

"Oh—nothing; I was only speaking of the bad turns my master has had; I meant if they should come again——"

"But why don't you send for a physician, if he has dangerous attacks?"

Frans shrugged his shoulders. "He'll never come here again; my master threw him out, the last time, and told him never to enter the place any more. And master has forbidden to send for any other."

As I have said, it was earlier than usual when I retired to my rooms, so I lighted my pipe and walked about; stopping, now to look out at one window or the other on the moonlit landscape below, then in front of the picture representing my ancestor with the Allonge-wig. I admired that picture with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth—the magnificent head, the nobility of the face, and the fresh, untarnished coloring of the whole. Considerable time must have passed in this way, for when I had finished my pipe and got ready to open the casement for the admission of fresh air, I heard the old castle clock strike eleven. I stepped to the window in the picture room, intending to throw it open, when my eyes fell on the figure of a tall, slender man, passing with swift steps along the garden walks. I saw face and figure plainly, and seemed to recognize the features, though I could not for the world have told whose face it was, or to whom it bore any resemblance. He was dressed in a fashion long out of date—wearing a coat of apparently green color, dark nether clothes, and high boots. In his hand, on which fell a deep lace cuff, was a gun, and a short sabre hung by his side.

For a moment I gazed in surprise. The figure must have just stepped from one of the doors of the castle; but who was it that dared to play such a masquerade trick here? The man continued walking; now, crossing the shrubbery, he was lost to sight a moment, then he appeared again, walking toward the pavillion with rapid steps. Throwing open the window, I called aloud, "Halt! who goes there?" But the man's steps were not checked; and, as he neared the pavillion, I followed him with my eyes, and saw, to my astonishment, that it was light as day there. I could see plainly that one of the shutters was thrown open, and some one moved quickly back from the window as the elegantly dressed hunter entered the room. My patience was exhausted.

"I'll drive you from the premises quick enough," said I, "and teach you better manners." With that I turned toward the turret room, to get my gun, which was leaning against some piece of furniture, close to the door. The door, which I had left wide open, was now drawn to, though I did not observe this at first. Pulling it open with one hand, I stretched out the other to grasp my gun; when I started back so suddenly that I dropped my pipe to the floor, and came very near falling beside it. The turret room, too, was light, like the pavillion, as with the light of day, and at the writing table sat the courtier in the gold broidered coat and Allonge-wig—my ancestor—as though he had just stepped from the frame of his picture in the picture room. He was not in Court costume now, however, but wore a plain, dark hunting dress. He was writing; and now, without raising his head, he lifted his right hand, holding the pen, as though to ward off all interruption; then he fell to writing again. I had grasped my gun at the moment that I pulled the door open, and I now felt, with some satisfaction, that it was still in my hand. Drawing back, I mechanically cocked both triggers, which called forth another gesture of impatience from the cavalier at the writing table.

To the best of my knowledge, I was neither superstitious nor deficient in courage; but I have own to a chilly sensation between my shoulder blades, at that particular time, and a gradual uprising of every hair under my cap. "Was this "the third time" Franz had spoken of? I tried to move, but something held me there, my eyes fixed on the face of the writer at the table. And now I could account for the familiar look which the face of that other cavalier, in the garden, had borne; he resembled this one, as though they were brothers. Suddenly, I heard a low knock behind me; the cavalier started and turned, looking past me as though I were empty air. His face no longer bore the serene expression that the picture gave, but looked grave and careworn. The knocking was repeated, and when I turned my head in the direction from whence it came, I saw that the wall hanging by the window had parted, and a gray headed huntsman entered the apartment, walking close by me, and stooping to whisper something in the ear of the gentleman. The effect was terrible. He sprang up so violently that the chair was overturned, and every lineament of his face was distorted with rage for a moment; then he pressed both hands to his eyes, and a second later it had grown rigid with a look of cold, hard determination. Taking hat, gauntlets, and gun from a table in the background, he stepped through the secret passage, followed by the huntsman.

The wall hanging fell back in its place, the light vanished from the room, and my two tapers alone shed their dim beams on the surroundings. Once more I could move; I sprang to the place where the two figures had disappeared, but the hangings were fast to the wall and uninjured; I sprang to the outer door, then to the lodge, or balcony, but both doors were locked and the keys inside. I turned to the window, and there, in the garden, close to the house, stood the cavalier, motioning back the old huntsman with an imperious wave of the hand. Then he took nearly the same road that the other cavalier had followed; and, though he paused once or twice, and raised his hand to his forehead, he continued steadily till he reached the linden avenue. Here I lost sight of him.

Breathlessly I listened, but heard nothing save the beating of my own heart, and the moaning of the wind as it swept out of the window, and saw that the shutter on the pavillion window was closed again, and the building looked ghostly in its quiet and silence. Suddenly, a shot rang through the still night, and a piercing scream followed it almost immediately, echoing shrilly through the air. A figure, closely muffled, but unmistakably that of a female, darted from the little door at the back of the pavillion, and sped on toward the forest, where I could catch a glimpse of her, now and again, as she fled swiftly through the trees. Soon she was out of sight, and I leaned against the window almost exhausted, when I perceived a lady advancing from the left, on a path that led directly to the castle. She had the face of the French woman my ancestor had married—the St. Ange, whose portrait hung in the King's Hall—and it was the veiled figure that had fled from the pavillion to the forest, a little before. She was not veiled now, but in a rich hunting costume, with heavy plumes waving from her hat. Down the linden avenue came the cavalier whom I had first seen here; the gun was no longer in his hand, but he held the sabre bare, and his quickly thrust back into his belt when he beheld the lady. Near the shrubbery they met, bowed to each other ceremoniously, and the lady, after shrinking almost imperceptibly from his hand, leaned her arm on it, and together they approached the castle with leisurely, stately steps.

But there was something else to attract my attention now. From behind the pavillion, out of the forest, came four peasants in old fashioned dress, bearing between them a closely covered body; but I felt that I knew the face under the concealing cloth, and I understood the tragedy that had been enacted under my eyes—a domestic tragedy, of the saddest and darkest.

I started. The castle clock was striking—close to my head, it seemed to me. I counted four strokes, and then I heard a loud knock at my door. Had I been sitting in my chair all this time? The knocking was repeated, and I arose to open the door, noting casually that my gun was standing by me in the window niche. Long before midnight had ceased striking, I had opened the door. Franz was standing outside, a candle in his hand.

"Come with me, young gentleman—he is going." His eyes rested on me with a half inquiring look.

"Was that 'the third time,' Franz?" I asked, as we followed the winding corridors.

"You are still, undressed, young gentleman? Ah! then you heard the shot?"

"More than that, Franz; I saw it all. But let us hasten," I added, quickening my steps.

"It is useless," was his answer. "He will be gone when we get there. There was neither sorrow nor concern in his voice; but he had said truly—we came too late.

In my uncle's room was the usual flood of light; the usual degree of heat; and he sat in his chair—dead—an expression of sternness, almost hatred, fixed on his face. A servant stood by his chair—he who had first brought me here—and he said to Franz: "Just on the stroke of twelve." Messengers had already been sent for the physician and the counsellor of the family.

I tried hard to fathom the mystery of the night. Had I dreamed it all, or not? In my room I found my pipe on the floor, broken, at the entrance to the turret room; and my gun had been beside me in the window niche when Franz called me. From this very retinent person I could learn only this: That, according to an old tradition, the death of the lord of Dreshlott was always foretold by a funeral train, or something like it, being seen to approach the castle. Just before the appearance of this procession, a shot was heard; on the third repetition of this visit, with the stroke of twelve at midnight, the lord of Dreshlott closed his eyes in death.

I told the counsellor of my experience, but he laughed in my face.

I hope you don't believe in ghosts; you dreamed all that stuff. Still, it is strange that you dreamed about things of which you could know nothing. The cavalier of your dream—whose picture hangs in the picture room—and the beautiful St. Ange—whose picture hangs in the King's Hall—lived unhappily together. From the papers of the counsellor of the family at that time, I learn that on the very day when the Baron Frederick was murdered, he had been engaged in making his testament, withdrawing the right of inheritance to his estates from his wife, the St. Ange. He was found dead in the forest by some peasants, who brought his corpse here to Dreshlott. The day had been devoted to the chase, and there were those who did not scruple to say that his own brother had shot him. By the way," he continued, looking past me, out at the window, "did you ever hear of a brother of your father's, just older than this uncle of yours?"

"My father never spoke of his family. I was not even aware of the existence of this brother of his, till within the last few weeks. But what of this older brother?

"O—nothing. At least, I know nothing of him. You are aware that your uncle and his family formerly lived in Rosenhagen? Well, it is of another passed much of his time with them there. He went out into the forest one day in September to hunt, and never returned. Your aunt died soon after; and when your uncle's only child died, too, he came to Dreshlott to live. Among the people it was mooted that the old tragedy of Dreshlott had been acted over at Rosenhagen, with the sole difference that here the lover had been the victim instead of the husband. I know nothing of the truth of these reports; but it was certainly odd that your uncle should have left the pleasant, cheerful Rosenhagen, to live in the dark, haunted ruins of Dreshlott. It was almost as odd as the singular dread he had of being left in the dark—a dread which led to his living in a blaze of wax tapers, by day and night."

By some accident, Dreshlott was destroyed by fire, before my uncle's body had fallen to dust, and I disposed of the land and took up my abode at Rosenhagen.

SONNET.

Who knows the pain the bruised oyster feels,
While the pearl hardens in its narrow shell?
His suff'rings, tiny wretch, no patience heals,
He feels the pain—the end he cannot tell;
He only feels the irksome burden grow
Day after day more hard and hard to bear,
He little dreams that on a queen's neck glow
Gems which than this unknown one are less fair.

Lady, you little know what griefs are mine,
What brooding sadnesses the touch despair;
The precious pearl of Love, a tender vow,
That for your sake my closed up heart doth bear,

Is to the strange unrest; yet with what joy I'd bear it,
If, at some future day, my Love would deign to wear it.

HOW THE WIFE FELT.

A man, at whose house I was a guest, told me that he had been a hard drinker and a cruel husband; had beaten his poor wife till she had become almost used to it. "But," said he, "the moment I signed the pledge I thought of my wife—what would my wife say to this? Strange that I should think of my wife the first thing, but I did; and, as I was going home, I said to myself: 'Now, if I go home and tell her all of a sudden that I have signed the pledge, she'll faint away, or she'll up and do something; and I must break it to her by degrees.' Only think of it! Why, the night before I'd knocked her down, just as like as not, if she had 'a looked to please me, and now I am planning to break good news to her for fear it would upset her."

As near as I could gather from what he told me, he found his wife sitting over the embers waiting for him. As he came into the house, he said:

"Nancy, I think that—"

"Well, Ned, what is it?"

"Why, I think I shall—that is—I mean to—to—Nancy, I mean—"

"What's the matter, Ned? Anything the matter?"

"Yes," said he, "the matter's just this—I have signed the temperance pledge, and, so help me God, I'll keep it!"

She started to her feet, and she did faint away. I was just in time to catch her; and as she lay in my arms, her eyes shut, her face so pale think's I, she's dead, and I've done it now. But she wasn't dead; she opened her eyes, and then she put her arms round my neck; and I didn't know she was so strong, and she pulled till she got me down where I had not been for thirty years—on my knees. Then she said: 'O God! help him!' and I said 'Amen!' and she said, 'O God! help my poor Ned, and strengthen him to keep his pledge, and I hollered 'Amen!' just as loud as I could holler. That was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last."

A BOY HERO.

A special correspondent of a London journal, writing from Genesee, says: In the First Battalion of Queen Elisebeth there is a boy lieutenant, with a swarthy face and bright black eyes, whose name is Von Schramm. He cannot be more than seventeen—were he an English lad, he would be at Eaton. A German lad, he has done with the schools, passed his examination, got his commission, won the iron cross, and is the adjutant of his battalion. When Major Von Aitrock led his battalion into Le Bourget, on the 30th, little Von Schramm was left behind sick in Aulnay. The guns of the 21st, knocked the sickness out of him—his regiment was fighting, and he not there. He jumped on his horse, crossed the inundation at Le Blanc Mesuel, and rode into Le Bourget athwart the artillery fire from Drancy.

The Queen Elizabeths, however, were already all but driven out, and he, striking the village street half way up found himself in the crowd of the Frenchmen. To leap from his horse, and dash into a house was the work of an instant, if he could get out of the back door he might yet escape. But there was no back door, the pursuers were hot on his heels, and Von Schramm was a prisoner. His captors asked him for his parole, but he refused to give it, and they proceeded to conduct him toward St. Denis—a convoy of two officers and two men. In going through the park of Le Bourget, a beautiful spot, in which there is a lake and many bouquets, the musketry fire from the retreating guardsmen came very close and fast.

The officer who carried Von Schramm's sword was shot, and fell. Von Schramm made a dash at his own sword, got his hand inside the hilt, cut down the other officer, took to the water like a duck, dodged the bullets of the soldiers as he swam across, and finally joined his regiment after all, rather damp, it is true, as a man will be who takes to swimming with his clothes on, but extremely jolly. And the best of it was that the ducking cured his sickness; he is as well as ever he was. At least one is entitled, I think, to say so after having seen him demolish a massive dinner and two bottles of beer.

☞ Brides and bridegrooms of 1871 may be amused by a description of the toilette of a couple on their wedding-day one hundred years ago. To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front with a bosom-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin on the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like a handle to a skillet. His coat was sky blue silk lined with yellow, his long vest of satin embroidered with goldlace, his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around the wrist, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

☞ Goethe was in company with a mother and a daughter, when the latter being reproved for something, burst into tears. He said to the mother: "How beautiful your reproof made your daughter! The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman; these are never seen unconnected with moral purity. A full blown flower, sprinkled with purest hue, is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is a sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

JOHN CUTTS' SECRET.

"Is Mr. Cutts' in?" asked a gentleman who, having knocked at the door, was saluted by a woman from an upper window with, "Well, what's wanting now?"

"Is Mr. Cutts in?"

"Yes, he's in or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; "but I'm Mr. Cutts when any business is to be done. He's Mr. Cutts eatin' and drinkin' and sleeping sometimes."

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still farther out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see himself," was the reply.

"Is it real business, for pay, or only a favor you want; I can let your hoss have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why I can do anything for you that he could and a good deal more! I take the money and rite the receipts, and pay the men, and I take of the produce! I'm as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horseflesh."

"But," said the gentleman drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look-a-here, mister, maybe you don't know the circumstances of this case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts, he hain't no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And, besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher and weigh twenty pounds more! What's your business on our place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chaise and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? Cause there aint a living thing the matter with Cutts. He's the wellest man in town, and so be I," said this "woman for the times."

"No, my good woman, I'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him," said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face—but he knew his own interests too well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister, I suppose, by your black coat. I may as well tell you and save your time, that we don't go to meeting, and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave no tracts for nothing—for I've got a big dairy and haint no time to idle away readin' and I keep him about so early and late, that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest."

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish I was, though, for your sake," said the gentleman.

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him, "you're a schoolmaster huntin' up a district school; and you think he's a committee man; but he ain't this year."

"Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye; but she gave no marching orders.

"Ma'am Cutts," as the neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here now, mister," she said, "I can read a man right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell by your everlastin' clothes that you are a lawyer. We hain't got no quarrels; and don't want no deeds drawed or wills made; so if you're huntin' a job of my husband, you may as well onhitch your horse and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence and alone. If he chooses he can break it to you the best way he can."

"O, my goodness sake alive! Brother Lil's blowed up on the Mississippi boat, I bet! O, is me, the poor fellow! He left a little something, didn't he?"

"I never heard of him, and nobody's blowed up,' that I know of," said the gentleman.

"O, now I know! You're the man what wants to go to Congress, and have come here hunting after votes. He shall not vote for you. I hate politicians, especially them that goes agin women, and thinks they were made to drudge and nothing else. I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scriptur says, 'there isn't neither men or women but all's one in politics.' I believe the day is coming when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to woman, afore you can get the big place and high pay that's a eatin' us up with taxes! You can't see my husband. We are going to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I don't know what you're talking about. Ah! there comes the man I want!" and the stranger went towards Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mrs. Cutts flew into the house for her sun bonnet, to follow them; but by the time she got to the bars, her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong minded woman shouted after her husband, "You'd better come back, I tell you!" but the wind was the wrong way, and carried her words into the potato patch. "Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask it in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any question that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and hain't an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you needn't reply to my question unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, M. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Briskley place, that I have just bought, and I was directed to inquire of you where I could get cedar posts. A fellow in the store said, 'Cutts can tell you, if his wife will let him, but she won't. She'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive you wherever you go to order them."

"I told them I would see you and ask you only; and the fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and to two or three widows in the town a cord of wood each, if I succeeded in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's standing too well to feel very sensitive, and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said:

"I'll go back with you to look out cedar posts, and keep dark, for the joke's sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night; I don't own it," replied the good-natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to the place and see to setting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and that easy good nature of yours will ruin your family. Baffle that spirit to-day, and next Sunday take your boys and go to the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family."

"It's rather late to begin," said Cutts, shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap into which his feet were fast.

"You see the purse is hers," he added, "and that has been a crueler fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good and the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy wasn't sharp enough. Madame Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up and went after him.

All the way home, and far into the night, she used her eloquence, both in pleading and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of that hateful town nabob that had come into the country to separate happy families.

But Cutts yielded himself up to a "dumb spirit" for the night, and no measures could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out and went to sleep; but at daybreak she began anew. He then ventured to say, "As soon as breakfast is over, I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house, I can tell you," cried Xantippe, "till you have told me what the man wanted of you."

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it," said Cutts, "for I have vowed I'd never tell it till I had first eaten my breakfast, and with them words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door to no one in particular, "Come."

But Cutts didn't come. After a while she went out to the barn and found him seated on an upturned half-bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this man here had possessed you! Your breakfast is cooling; do come in."

Here was a point gained.

Cutts went in as required, and ate his breakfast. When that was over ma'am settled herself back in her chair with her face full of eager expectation, and said:

"Now begin. What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up; and that was all."

If an arrow had struck Madame Cutts, she could not have manifested more surprise and shame.

"I am the laughing stock of this town," added Cutts "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I am henceforth the head of my family and unless this house is made mine, I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll live there with my boys, and you'll find me a civil neighbor."

Ma'am Cutts' power was broken. Since then the farm has been called "John Cutts' place," and he's the head of the house.

PREORDINATION.

A Hardshell Baptist minister, living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri, was in the habit of saying to his family and to his church: "Friends, you need not take any unusual care of your lives; the moment of your death was writ before the foundation of the world, and you cannot alter it."

His wife observed when he left on Saturday to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements, that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put in dry powder, fresh tow, and took pains to make sure that the gun would go in case he came upon an Indian.

It struck her one day as she saw him on the saddle, with his rifle on his shoulder, that his conduct contradicted his teachings, and she said to him:

"My dear, why do you take this rifle with you? If it was 'writ' before the foundation of the world that you were to be killed during this trip by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed, of course it is unnecessary; so why take it with you at all?"

"With *such* a prospect, Paul Dreyby's *down* on woman suffrage!" What a head!

☞ A gentleman of the old school thus describes the rendering of a well known hymn by a modern fashionable choir: Firstly, the soprano, in a scaring leap, sings "Take thy pile"—followed by the alto and tenor in duet with like advice (while the soprano is magnificently holding on to the "pil") and as the deep bass profoundly echoes the same "Take thy pil—," they finally unite and repeat together,—eventually succeeding in singing, "Take th